
PENTHOUSE
LIFE ON TOP
46th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
Pet of the Month JENNA REID
Tattooer CHRIS NUÑEZ TAKES A POWDER (IN A GOOD WAY) For POP SHOTS
BIG PHARMA COULD CURE AIDS Why They Won't
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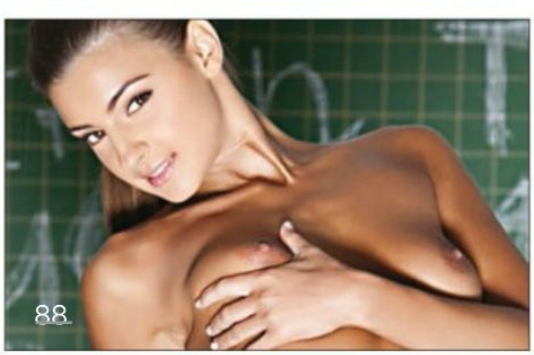
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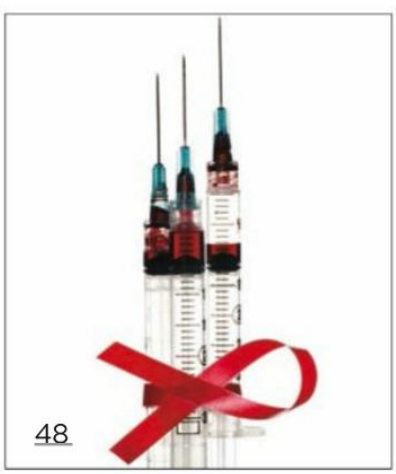
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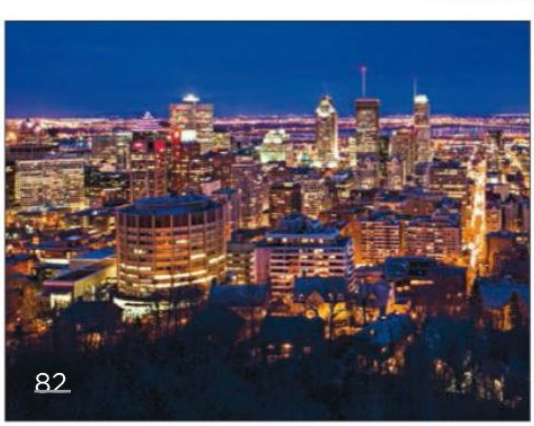
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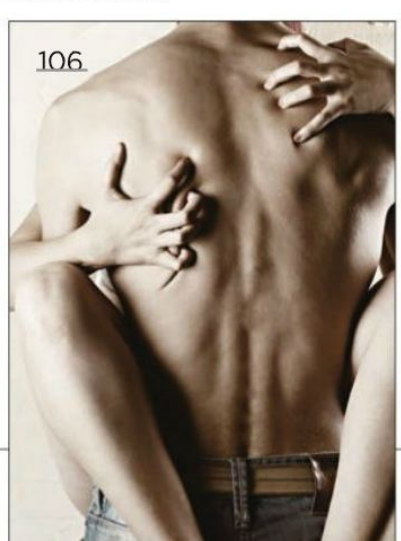
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Correction from July/August 2015: The models in Pop Shots should have been credited as Angela Sommers and Kendra James.





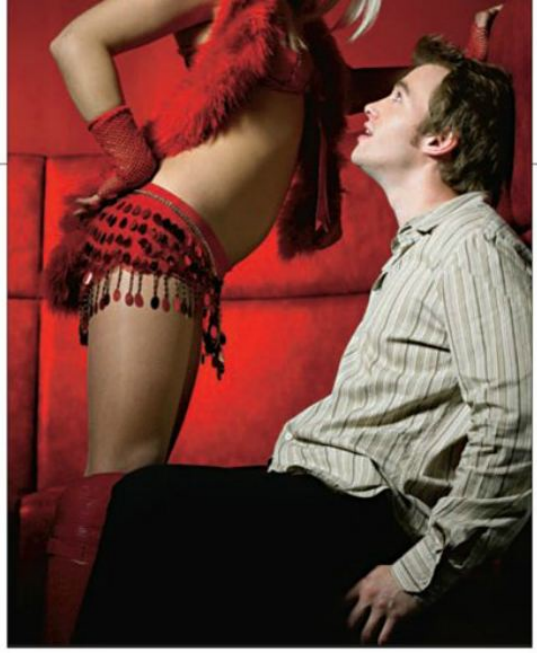
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EDITOR'S NOTE









Tattoo artist Chris Nuñez (above) took on Pop Shots; Tomorrow Land (top left) is one of our fall festivals with hookup potential; Charlotte McKinney (top center) is the object of our desire; Montreal is mecca for fans of massage parlors, strip clubs, and escorts.

POP SHOTS

We kick off this anniversary issue with a pictorial created by Miami tattoo artist **Chris Nuñez**—of *Miami Ink* and *Ink Master* fame. Nuñez worked with photographer **Tammy Sands** to put **Miranda Nicole** and Penthouse Pet **Celeste Star** smack in the middle of a night of overblown debauchery. As he tells us, "My concept for the shoot was to create the type of wild night that everybody pictures about going out in Miami. I think it's artistic, a fun way to really overexaggerate the situation." It's also really sexy, in the best over-the-top way possible (page 29).

POINT BLANK

It's likely that you've never heard of fine-art/erotica photographer **Alejandra Guerrero,** but once you see the four-page portfolio of her images, you'll thank us for the introduction. And that's what our Point Blank column is all about. Guerrero's focus is on the BDSM lifestyle, and the photos she chose to submit to us demonstrate how artfully she captures the raw sexuality of that world (page 44).

THE BUSINESS OF DRUGS

We've been hearing about possible cures for HIV/AIDS for 20 years now, but it looks like it's finally a real possibility. If the new treatment GlaxoSmithKline has in clinical trials pans out, we would be able to force the virus into dormancy within a generation. However, as **Michael Laufer, PhD,** reminds us in "The Drug Trial of the Century," a business—even a drug company that could be saving countless lives—is all about making money. Treating disease, not curing it—for poor people, at least—is how those folks making the decisions at Big Pharma keep their jobs (page 48).

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

This special issue features a guide to Montreal, a well-known destination for anyone interested in checking out massage parlors, strip clubs, and escort services ("The Great Hot North"; page 82), and we introduce you to **Willow,** one of the lovely ladies of the Moonlite Bunny Ranch (page 86).... We put together a listing of fall festivals and college parties with hookup potential ("Where the Girls Are: Fall 2015"; page 38), a roundup of the five hottest actresses of the fall TV season (page 15), and an ode to busty blonde **Charlotte McKinney** (page 142).

Of course, the core of this issue, and every issue, is our lovely models, and you won't want to skip a single photo. There's our Pet of the Month, fresh-faced newcomer **Jenna Reid,** shot by **Mark Lit** (page 64); Russian beauty **Maria Rya,** who provided photographer **Davide Esposito** with the sexiest anatomy lesson you've ever seen (page 88); and the passionate pairing of **Melody and Mia,** shot by **W. Lawrence Stevens** (page 108). And we continue our series of retrospective pictorials with a collection of black-and-white images by legendary photog **Ken Marcus** of a busty beauty named **Tanya** that originally ran in the November 1995 issue (page 124). Enjoy!





SISTER ACT

Penthouse Letters invites you to join the party. Our sister publication, which boasts the subhead "The Magazine of Sexual Marvels," is celebrating 35 years in style, with an anniversary issue that features titillating tales from the eighties, nineties, and today. This collector's edition of readers' hot hookups and raunchy rendezvous is on sale now; visit PenthouseMagazine.com/letters to subscribe to the print edition, or PenthouseMagazine.com/phl to buy a digital copy or subscription.

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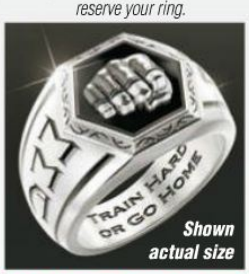
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PITCHING A TENT



The trip was originally meant for the two of us, my girlfriend of two years and me—a romantic camping trip over a long weekend. We made a list of supplies and I even bought a new tent. Then, two weeks before the trip, I found out she was fucking her boss and had been for months. Maybe to spite her or just to get the hell away from the world and pretend she didn't exist, I decided to take the trip anyway. I stocked my cooler with a liter of bourbon and a case of beer to keep me company.

She rode me like a bull at a rodeo, pumping and twisting her hips.

I arrived at the campsite around 9 A.M., and by noon I'd killed off six of the beers. With the tent and the rest of my gear locked inside my car, I decided to put off unpacking until later and go for a hike to the park's most popular attraction, a waterfall. Alone on the trail, I began complaining to the wilderness about my girlfriend. My ranting grew louder, and by the time I reached the waterfall I was raging. I was so consumed by my anger that I failed to notice the woman sitting on a large flat rock at the edge of the river.

"Whoa! You okay?" she asked warily.

I was so surprised by her presence that I jumped, which set her off giggling.

"No. Actually, I'm pretty goddamn far from okay," I admitted.

"I may have something for that. Come sit down and tell me about it."

When I was seated, she pulled a tightly rolled joint out of her pocket, lit it, took a deep drag, and passed it to me. As I inhaled the smoke and started exhaling my tragic story, I noticed how sexy she was. Vibrant eyes stared at me and long hair spilled down her back and over her braless chest. Her tank top was tied up, revealing her smooth, flat stomach, and I could see the outline of her nipples. I finished my story and took another hit. "Thanks for the weed. You really did help me."

"I wasn't really talking about the weed." She grinned, sucked in a long breath of smoke, and leaned over and kissed me, gently blowing the smoke into my mouth. I exhaled and then grabbed the back of her neck and kissed her. Our tongues met, twisting around each other. She straddled my lap, and as we kissed she began grinding her hips against mine. My cock was so hard I felt like it would burst out of my pants. I moved my right hand down her stomach, toward her cutoff jean shorts. I could feel the heat coming from her pussy before I even unbuttoned them. Her panties were soaking wet when I pulled them aside and stroked her shaved lips with my middle finger. When I slid two fingers inside her, she let out a soft moan and arched her back.

She unzipped my fly and pulled out my dick. I begged her to suck it, but instead she teased me, flicking the head of my cock with the tip of her tongue. Finally, she sucked me in slowly, her mouth contouring to every inch of my cock. I had never felt anything so good in my entire life. She played with my balls as her mouth moved up and down, gently squeezing and pulling.

Then she climbed back onto my lap and guided me into her tight, wet pussy. Unlike the leisurely and gentle blowjob, she rode me like a bull at a rodeo, pumping up and down, twisting her hips. Every few seconds she whipped her hair and it would brush my chest. All of the sensations were overwhelming, a sensory tornado of erotic pleasure, but I wanted control.

I picked her up and flipped her over onto her hands and knees and fucked her doggie-style. I grabbed her hair like reins and, with each thrust, tugged it back, eventually bringing her to a gushing orgasm. A few seconds later, I pulled out and sprayed jizz all over her back.

We collapsed, basking in the sun and our postorgasmic glow. She got up first, slipped back into her clothes, and began walking away. I wanted her to stay a while longer, but before I could say anything she glanced over her shoulder and said, "By the way, my name's Ashley and my tent is yellow with a red rain fly."

I spent three days in the park, but my tent never made it out of the car.—*I.N., South Carolina*

More letters on page 132

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*.

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THE MONEY SHOT



In *Masterminds,* a based-on-a-true-story heist comedy, Zach Galifianakis and Kristen Wiig play a pair of dim-witted security guards who team up to rob the armored-truck company where they work. The not-so-smooth criminals manage to make off with $17 million, but things go sideways pretty quickly. The result is slapstick genius, and given the cast list—Owen Wilson, Jason Sudeikis, Leslie Jones, and Kate McKinnon, to name a few—we expect folks to be lining up to see it.

By Kara Wahlgren

ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK; PHOTOGRAPH BY GLEN WILSON/ARMORED CAR PRODUCTIONS, LLC

QUICK PICKS

FLICKS



Fantastic Four

Third time's a charm, right? After two failed attempts to do justice to Stan Lee's superhero team—a low-budget indie in 1994 and a profitable but cheesy popcorn flick in 2005—the franchise is getting another reboot. Miles Teller, Michael B. Jordan, Kate Mara, and Jamie Bell star as the quad squad, with Tony Kebbell taking over the villainous role of Dr. Doom. The premise remains basically the same—the group teleports to an alternate universe and gains new abilities in the process—but we have a feeling that's where the similarities will end. Marvel's been pretty infallible lately, so we're expecting a lot more meat to the story this time around.



The Man From U.N.C.L.E.

Yes, it's based on the 1960s spy series. This action comedy stars Henry Cavill and Armie Hammer as a CIA agent and KGB operative, respectively, who team up to take down a criminal organization that's trying to build a nuclear arsenal. It's an intriguing concept, but unlike other recent Cold War dramas, this spy thriller doesn't take itself too seriously. With Guy Ritchie at the helm, Hugh Grant doing his Hugh Grant thing, and plenty of eye candy courtesy of Alicia Vikander and Elizabeth Debicki, it's likely to be a good time.



American Ultra

Adventureland duo Jesse Eisenberg and Kristen Stewart reunite in this movie that's part stoner comedy, part secret-agent flick. Eisenberg stars as a convenience-store clerk who just wants to get high and propose to his girlfriend (not necessarily in that order). Then he discovers he's actually a government agent with borderline superpowers and a horde of people trying to kill him. Talk about harshing the buzz. Since music-video director Nima Nourizadeh was behind the camera, expect a stylized take on the everyman-turned-agent action flick.



Digging for Fire

Bromance meets murder mystery in this flick, which got raves at Sundance earlier this year. Looking for a change of pace, married couple Tim (Jake Johnson) and Lee (Rosemarie DeWitt) decide to house-sit for one of Lee's clients, but things get weird when Tim digs up a gun and a bone in the backyard. Lee takes that as her cue to have a girls' night out while Tim invites his buddies over to (metaphor alert!) dig a little deeper. In other words, this ultimately becomes less of a mystery and more of a holy-shit-marriage-is-hard dramedy—but it's definitely worth a watch.



The Transporter Refueled

Can a franchise survive without its star? That's hard to predict (Bond succeeded; Bourne, not so much), so we're anxious to see how well *Game of Thrones* star Ed Skrein can fill Jason Statham's shoes. Skrein steps in as a transporter of top-secret cargo who finds his latest drop is a team of sexy fembot-esque cohorts who've kidnapped his father. The trailer got us more excited for the car than for the movie itself (hooray for product placement!), but we're still cautiously optimistic that this installment can, er, deliver.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) 20TH CENTURY FOX, (TOP RIGHT) DANIEL SMITH, (BOTTOM LEFT) ALAN MARKFIELD/LIONSGATE, (BOTTOM CENTER) THE ORCHARD



Hitman: Agent 47

Most of the details surrounding this videogame adaptation are as mysterious as its titular assassin, but here's what we can tell you: Rupert Friend stars as 47, a genetically engineered assassin with a perfect track record of taking out high-profile targets. Hannah Ware plays his next mark, the daughter of the man who created 47 and all the cloned assassins who preceded him. Zachary Quinto plays the man tasked with protecting her from the hitman who hasn't missed yet. No worries if you're not a hard-core gamer—the insane action sequences will appeal to any adrenaline junkie.

Also this month ...



Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon: The Green Dragon

Netflix is making its foray into feature films with this sort-of-sequel to Ang Lee's 2000 *wuxia* blockbuster. (It'll also be released in IMAX theaters.)



Straight Outta Compton

This N.W.A. biopic chronicles the rise and fall of the infamous gangsta-rap group. Fun fact: The director, F. Gary Gray, kicked off his career making the music video for Ice Cube's "It Was a Good Day."





Grace Potter *Midnight*

No, that's not a typo—Grace Potter is releasing her latest album sans the Nocturnals. Her longtime backing band won't be touring with her this summer. That's not the only major change—Potter has ditched her trademark Janis Joplin–esque blues-rock in favor of a decidedly electropop vibe. It's sure to piss off some die-hard fans, but we'll give it a fair shake.

Also this month ...



Slayer *Repentless*

After some lineup changes—including the death of Jeff Hanneman, the departure of Dave Lombardo, and the return of Paul Bostaph—the thrash-metal legends are back. Expect brand-new versions of previously released singles "Implode" and "When the Stillness Comes."



Motörhead *Bad Magic*

Lemmy Kilmister may be pushing 70—and the band itself is turning 40—but Motörhead doesn't show any signs of slowing down. After being throttled by some health problems in recent years, they've been touring all summer to support their latest album.

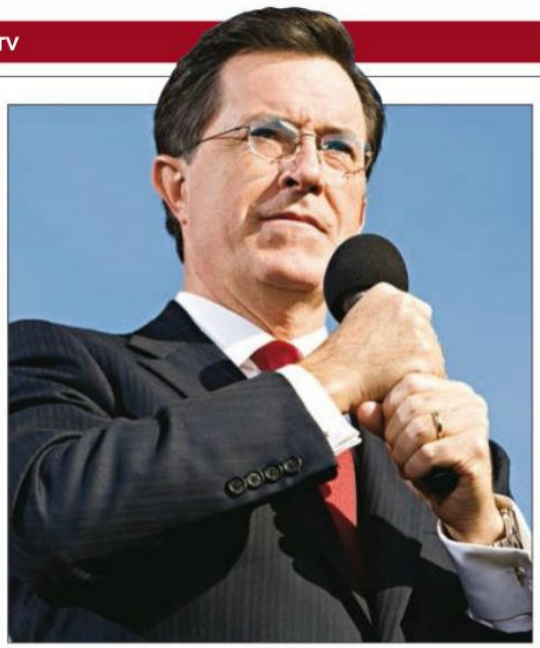


Ben Folds *So There*

Though it still sounds like a Ben Folds Five album lyrically, the alt-rock synth and drums have been replaced by orchestral chamber pop, courtesy of the classically trained sextet yMusic. Folds has always pushed the envelope a bit, but this takes it to the next level.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) REINER BAJO/20TH CENTURY FOX, RICO TORRES/NETFLIX, UNIVERSAL PICTURES, (BOTTOM) HILARY WALSH

TV



Late Show With Stephen Colbert

We've been waiting for this moment since Colbert signed off from the *Report* last year (after being serenaded by everyone from Big Bird to Bill Clinton on his way out). And while Colbert is retiring his jingoist alter ego, anyone worried that network television will water down his humor can take heart—most of his writers will be following him, and according to CBS entertainment chief Nina Tassler, Colbert will pretty much have free rein to do what he wants, even if that means switching up the format a little. We can't wait to see what Colbert brings to the *Late Show* desk.



The Bastard Executioner

Sons of Anarchy creator Kurt Sutter has hinted that he's working on an *SOA* prequel set in the 1960s, but in the meantime, his latest project goes even further back—all the way to the fourteenth century. The bloody historical drama centers on a war-weary soldier in King Edward III's army who vows to lay down his sword, but instead is forced to become an executioner. Once again, Sutter's real-life wife Katey Sagal will star, along with fellow *SOA* alum Timothy V. Murphy and *True Blood*'s Stephen Moyer. We're looking forward to some gory fun.



Blindspot

This highly anticipated drama has one of the most intriguing premises we've seen this season: A mysterious (and gorgeous!) woman is discovered naked in Times Square, her memory wiped and her body covered in tattoos that provide clues to unraveling an international conspiracy. NBC gave this thriller the coveted time slot after *The Voice,* so you know the network's hopes are as high as ours.



Dr. Ken

Ken Jeong is pretty much never not funny, and he's finally getting his due with a lead role in this sitcom about a brilliant physician struggling to balance work and family. (Jeong based the idea on his own life—yep, the guy who played the naked psychotic kingpin from the *Hangover* movies is actually a licensed physician who graduated high school at age 16.) We're relying on him to bring the funny in a fall season that doesn't have many other promising comedies lined up.



Minority Report

Refresher course: In the 2002 Steven Spielberg film of the same name, a specialized police force called Precrime acts on the predictions of a team of three psychics, or "precogs." When a flaw in the system is discovered, the department is dismantled. This series picks up a decade later and follows Dash, a former precog still haunted by premonitions of murders that haven't happened. Unable to sit back and do nothing, he teams up with a detective who's willing to help him prevent them—on the down-low, of course, since precogs have been exiled.



Heroes Reborn

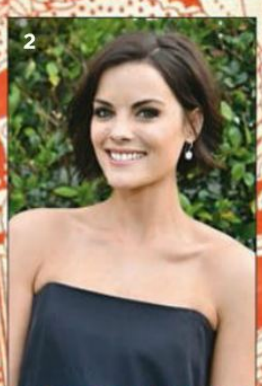
Heroes fans were none too pleased when NBC abruptly pulled the plug on the series after four seasons. Those fans will get the closure they've been waiting for with a 13-episode miniseries. Some familiar faces will be reprising their roles—including Jack Coleman, Masi Oka, Greg Grunberg, and Sendhil Ramamurthy—along with plenty of new faces, such as Zachary Levi as a villain intent on wiping out the superheroes. Expect a much darker take on the aftermath of the heroes being outed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) KRISTOFFER TRIPPLAAR/ALAMY; OLLIE UPTON/FX; CHRISTOS KALOHORIDIS/NBC; FOX; DANNY FELD/ABC; VIRGINIA SHERWOOD/NBC

BABEWATCH

Get ready to fall for the season's sexiest TV stars.









1. Jaina Lee Ortiz
Rosewood

In the sea of crime shows on TV, it's easy to overlook Fox's new medical drama about a skilled private pathologist who performs autopsies for the Miami Police Department. But this is worth a second look, mostly thanks to Ortiz's turn as a badass detective who teams up with the title character (and takes him down a peg or two).

2. Jaimie Alexander
Blindspot

You may remember Alexander from her role as Sif in the Thor movies and *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, but you may not recognize her with the chopped hair and head-to-toe tattoos she's rocking as the mysterious Jane Doe in this new drama. While superhero fans are already hot for this goddess, we have a feeling she'll soon have a few million new fans.

3. Elen Rhys
The Bastard Executioner

Aside from a small part in *World War Z*, this Welsh star hasn't pinged the radar here—yet. That should change quickly with her recurring role on Kurt Sutter's historical drama, where her stunning looks will provide a delightful counterpoint to the on-screen carnage.

4. Priyanka Chopra
Quantico

She's already an A-lister in Bollywood, a UNICEF Goodwill Ambassador, and a former Miss World. Now, with her starring role in ABC's new thriller about a group of FBI trainees—one of whom will ultimately plot a massive terror attack—she's set to dominate this hemisphere, too.

5. Francesca Eastwood
Heroes Reborn

Until now, Eastwood has mostly been famous for being famous. The socialite daughter of Dirty Harry has appeared on a reality show and played a few bit roles, but her recurring gig in *Heroes Reborn* could be her breakthrough—although with looks like hers, who needs superpowers?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM) PRESS LINE PHOTOS/SPLASH/CORBIS; ARAYA DIAZ/GETTY IMAGES; AMY GRAVES/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES; EVERETT COLLECTION, INC/ALAMY; (RIGHT) CINDY ORD/GETTY IMAGES

Urgent: Special Summer Driving Notice

To some, sunglasses are a fashion accessory…

But When Driving, These Sunglasses May Save Your Life!



Studies by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) show that most (74%) of the crashes occurred on clear, sunny days

Drivers' Alert: Driving can expose you to more dangerous glare than any sunny day at the beach can… do you know how to protect yourself?

The sun rises and sets at peak travel periods, during the early morning and afternoon rush hours and many drivers find themselves temporarily blinded while driving directly into the glare of the sun. Deadly accidents are regularly caused by such blinding glare with danger arising from reflected light off another vehicle, the pavement, or even from waxed and oily windshields that can make matters worse. Early morning dew can exacerbate this situation. Yet, motorists struggle on despite being blinded by the sun's glare that can cause countless accidents every year.

Not all sunglasses are created equal.
Protecting your eyes is serious business. With all the fancy fashion frames out there it can be easy to overlook what really matters—the lenses. So we did our research and looked to the very best in optic innovation and technology.

Sometimes it does take a rocket scientist. A NASA rocket scientist.
Some ordinary sunglasses can obscure your vision by exposing your eyes to harmful UV rays, blue light, and reflective glare. They can also darken useful vision-enhancing light. But now, independent research conducted by scientists from NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory has brought forth ground-breaking technology to help protect human eyesight from the harmful effects of solar radiation light. This superior lens technology was first discovered when NASA scientists looked to nature for a means to superior eye protection—specifically, by studying the eyes of eagles, known for their extreme visual acuity. This discovery resulted in what is now known as Eagle Eyes®.



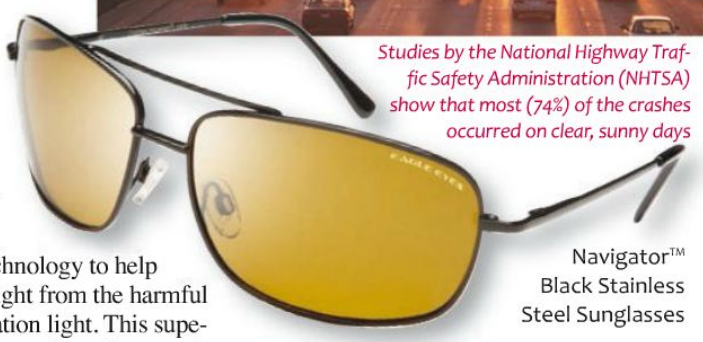
Slip on a pair of Eagle Eyes® and everything instantly appears more vivid and sharp. You'll immediately notice that your eyes are more comfortable and relaxed and you'll feel no need to squint. The scientifically designed sunglasses are not just fashion accessories—they are necessary to protect your eyes from those harmful rays produced by the sun during peak driving times.

The Only Sunglass Technology Certified by the Space Foundation for UV and Blue-Light Eye Protection.
Eagle Eyes® features the most advanced eye protection technology ever created. The TriLenium® Lens Technology offers triple-filter polarization to block 99.9% UVA and UVB—plus the added benefit of blue-light eye protection. Eagle Eyes® is the only optic technology that has earned official recognition from the Space Certification Program for this remarkable technology. Now, that's proven science-based protection.

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And buy one, get one FREE!
Eagle Eyes® has the highest customer satisfaction of any item in our 20 year history. We are so excited for you to try the Eagle Eyes® breakthrough technology that we will give you a **second pair of Eagle Eyes® Navigator™ Sunglasses FREE—a $99 value!**

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SHIRT VS. SKIN

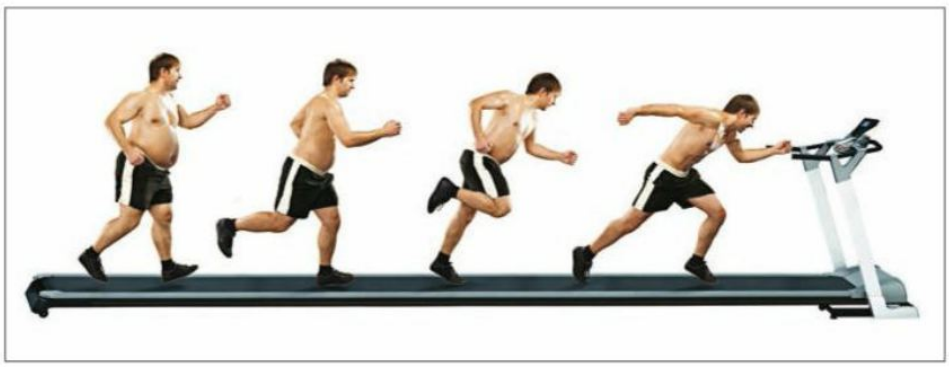
Five simple ways to look good naked. • By Joe Vennare

Everybody wants to look good naked. To have a flat stomach and big biceps. A tight ass and toned legs. We want to look our best. Even when the definition of perfection differs from person to person, we still want to look better or different than we do now.

Shit, who doesn't want more? More money, more sex, more freedom to say and do whatever we please. Imagine how good it would feel to walk into the office and tell your boss where he can shove those quarterly reports—and quit your job for no other reason than to travel the world and have porn-star sex on every continent.

Look, wanting something is easy. Like breathing, it just happens without thinking. It's involuntary. The hard part is wanting it enough to actually do something about it. Which brings us back to that chiseled physique of yours. How's that coming? As it turns out, you like the idea of looking good naked in the same way that you like the idea of going around the world in 80 fucks. But at the end of the day, both of those things are just a fantasy.





HOW TO BE LESS FAT

Truth be told, some things, like intercontinental sexcapades, might always be out of reach. But looking good naked is not one of those things. Getting fit is not a far-fetched fantasy. It's actually pretty simple once you eliminate the bullshit excuses that equate losing weight to winning the lottery. As if this stuff just happens to lucky people. Sorry, no. It's not luck. But it's not rocket science either. Getting fit is simply a matter of sticking to these five tips for being less fat.

1. Stop playing just the tip.

Being halfway in is no fun. Like when, on the fifth date, Tonya lets you put your dick in for a second, just to see how it feels. That sucks, doesn't it? Well, big guy, as it turns out, she's not the only one who has been playing just the tip. You've been doing the same thing when it comes to getting in shape. Signed up for a gym membership, but only go every once in a while? You eat a salad sometimes, because it's healthy, right? Sorry, it doesn't work that way. From now on you have two options: *hell yes* or *fuck no*. You're either going to eat well and exercise more or you're not. It's your call.

2. Stop lying to yourself.

Your decision to get in shape will get much easier once you stop telling yourself that you can't because of any number of excuses—you don't have time, don't know how, and can't afford it. Well, maybe it's time to save your cash, make time, and figure it out. Here's a suggestion: Start by performing a 15-minute body-weight workout—at home, for free, using instructional videos on YouTube. Excuses? What excuses?

3. Stop taking shortcuts.

Of course, using time management, know-how, and budget as excuses are simply by-products of all the get-fit-fast shortcuts—magic pills, detox diets, and six-minute abs. Let's be honest, if it were that easy, we'd already look like Hugh Jackman as Wolverine. But we don't. Survey says ... short-cuts don't work. Thankfully, we know what does—saying *hell yes* and actually doing something to undo unhealthy habits.

4. Stop setting unrealistic expectations.

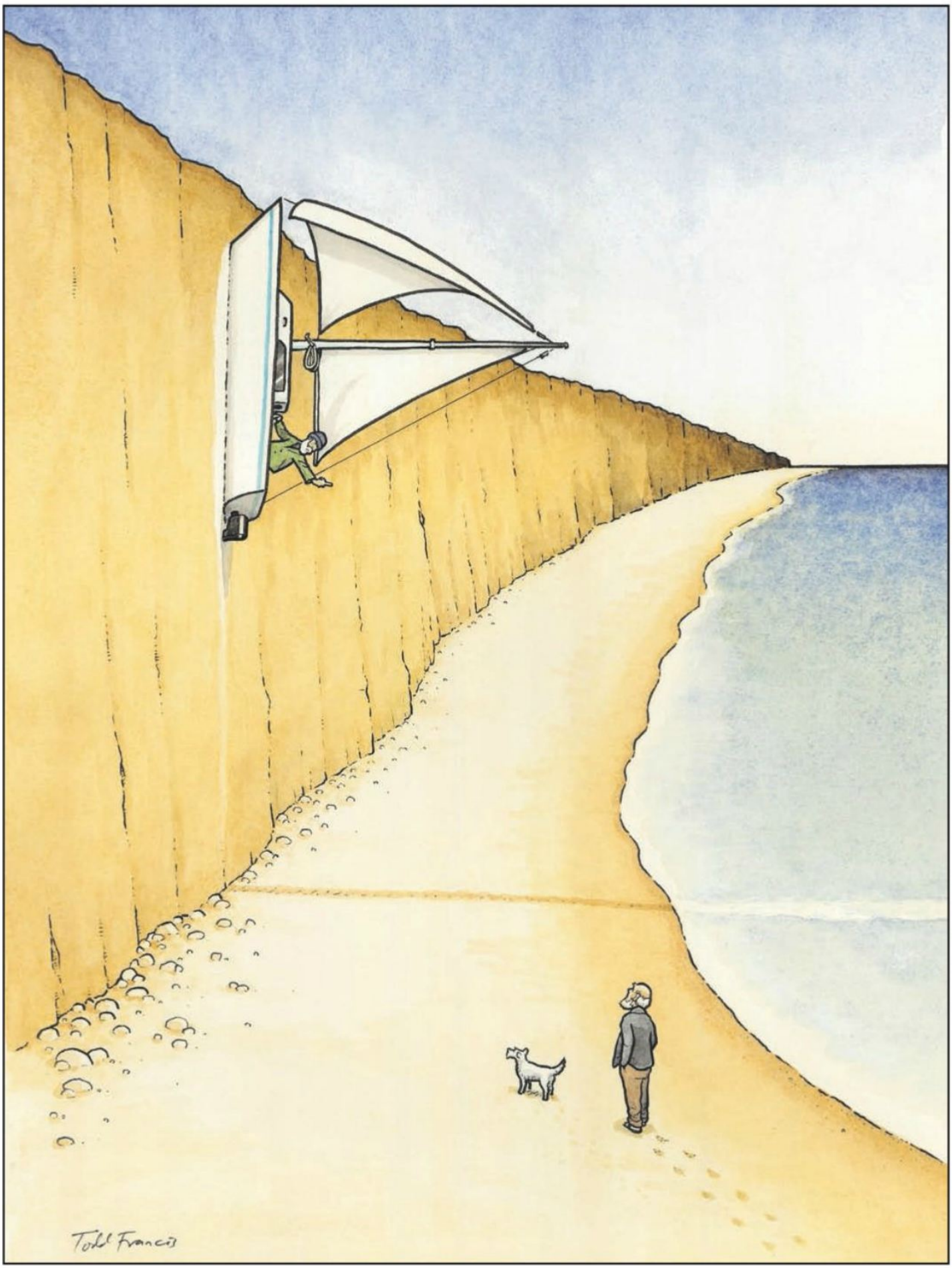
Before you jump right into taking action, there's one important thing to keep in mind: No matter what we do, we won't look like Wolverine any time soon. Even if we forgo playing just the tip in favor of going balls-deep, there's a chance that we may never look as good as Hugh. Movie stars, bodybuilders, athletes, and cover models actually get paid to work out and look like Greek gods. Us average Joes, not so much. We have to squeeze getting fit into a tornado of tasks that have to get done every day. That's not an excuse not to try, it's just a guard against unrealistic expectations.

5. Start doing something already.

Now, keeping in mind everything we've covered up to this point, it's time to get started. How, you ask? Do something. Get started down the path of moving more and eating well. When it comes to making progress toward looking good naked, there are a few key things to keep in mind. Start small and be consistent. Begin with one small step, then another, and another after that. It's better to strive toward three 20-minute workouts each week than two hour-long work-outs twice a month. Being less fat is not a sprint, but a marathon that starts when you get started. Then it doesn't stop. Ultimately that's the difference between *wanting to be* and actually *being* less fat.

THE FUN PAGE

BY TODD FRANCIS









THE CUBAN CLASSIC CARS CRISIS

If you're into classic American automobiles and what it takes to keep them on the road for decades—and what reforms in Cuba will mean car-wise—a trip to check things out is impossible to resist.

By Jonathan Ward



Every car guy has heard the stories about the great vintage cars in Cuba: the 1950s Buick, Chevy, and Cadillac convertible cabs in Havana; the abandoned SLR Mercedes racer in the jungle; the Aston Martin with the Russian Volga motor hiding in a horse stable in the countryside.... I'm sure you've heard a few more tales to add to the tally.

However, just as the Cuban people have been isolated from us, we've been isolated from them—so I've often wondered how many of these stories were really just bullshit. Ever since Fidel Castro sealed off Cuba in 1959, keeping the country's estimated 60,000 classic American cars running was the only true option for Cubans when it came to transportation (with the addition of maintaining a few Chinese imports). Besides, as the stories go, the newer-model cars that were snuck into the country and sold on the black market often went for four to five times their value.

With all the recent changes to American policy regarding Cuba, and the resulting boom in travel and commerce just on the horizon, I thought it was time for me to jump the fence and go see for myself. I managed to wrangle a special "arts mission" visa, and took off to better understand the Cuban people and their unique relationships with these classic cars.

As a direct result of the U.S. policy reform, there are tons of new laws in Cuba—two of which are sure to dramatically change the Cuban car culture in the near future. One law makes it illegal to export any of these relics, and classifies them as "elements of national cultural heritage." The other law seeks to greatly reduce the import taxes on new cars coming into Cuba, making it easier for people to afford them. (With an average monthly salary of the U.S. equivalent of $20, cars are a luxury few have been able to afford.)

Aside from the prohibitive prices, until now only a select group of individuals—such as government employees, superrich connected folk, and (supposedly) doctors—had been approved by the government to buy new cars. And since there were only a few government-run auto importers, prices were absurd: How about a new Kia Rio for $42,000, or a Peugeot 508 for $262,000? Plus, the waiting list for a car was five years. But if the sweeping reform led by Fidel's brother, Raul Castro, continues to go as many expect, imported cars will become readily available at reasonable prices.

But then what?

Will people abandon a '57 Chevy for a Corolla or a Hyundai? Will people







still cherish the classics of old Cuba and all that they represent? Only time will tell. But today is a very interesting time in Havana, and everyone seems to be pretty excited about the future.

I did my research prior to my journey. I spoke with several friends who had been there, and read many current articles on Cuba. I was shocked by how much contradictory information I had to sort through. The travel writers did not seem to really understand cars, so I couldn't expect them to discuss the car culture in a way that was relevant to me. My friends seemed to be a better source of information, but I wanted to dig deeper.

Off I went to Havana, armed with a backpack full of worthy bribes—soldering wire, fuses, relays, and other general automotive supplies—and a decent New York City Puerto Rican-Spanglish vocabulary. Though nothing could have prepared me for the world of wonderful contradictions that I discovered.

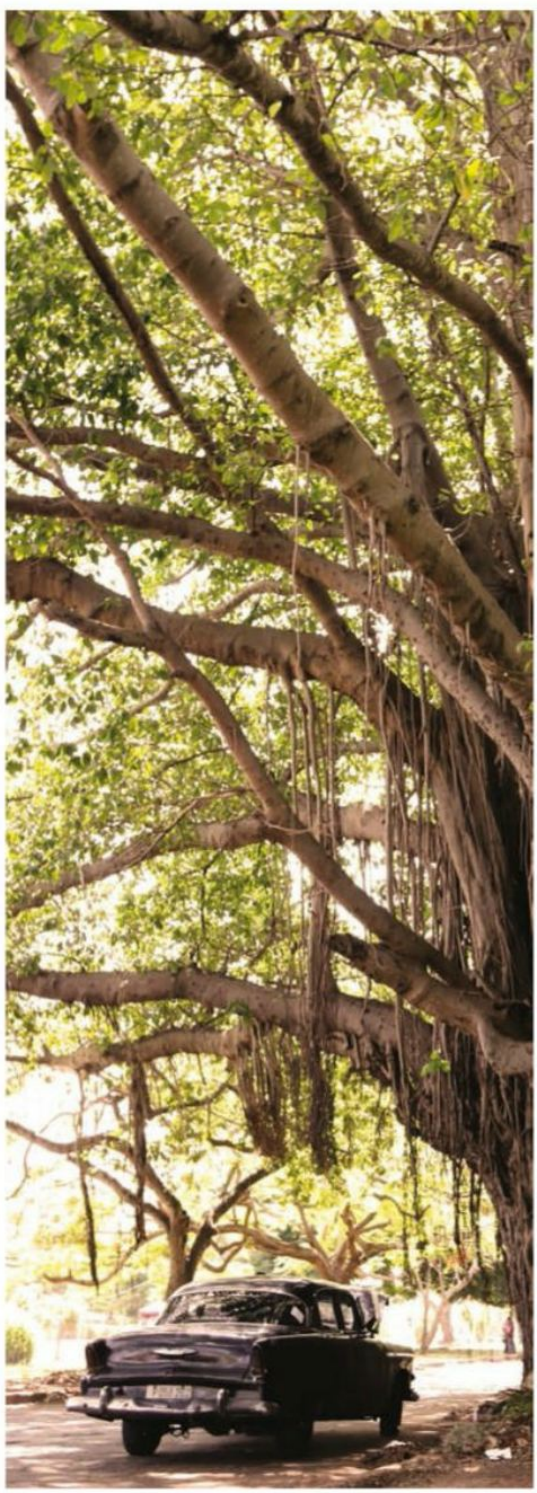
As I exited José Martí International Airport, the sea of kind faces was matched only by the palette of rich colors splashed across the city. Pastels and corroded patina were everywhere, from the clothes to the buildings to the cars. The parking lots were overflowing with American cars from 1946 to 1959, and a few Russian Ladas. In all my time on the island, I saw a handful of modern cars, including one Mercedes. Classic Chevrolets were by far the most ubiquitous, especially 1950 to '54 sedans and convertibles. The Bel Aire convertibles from 1955 to 1957 are cherished, and the 1959 Cadillac is still the Cuban dream car.

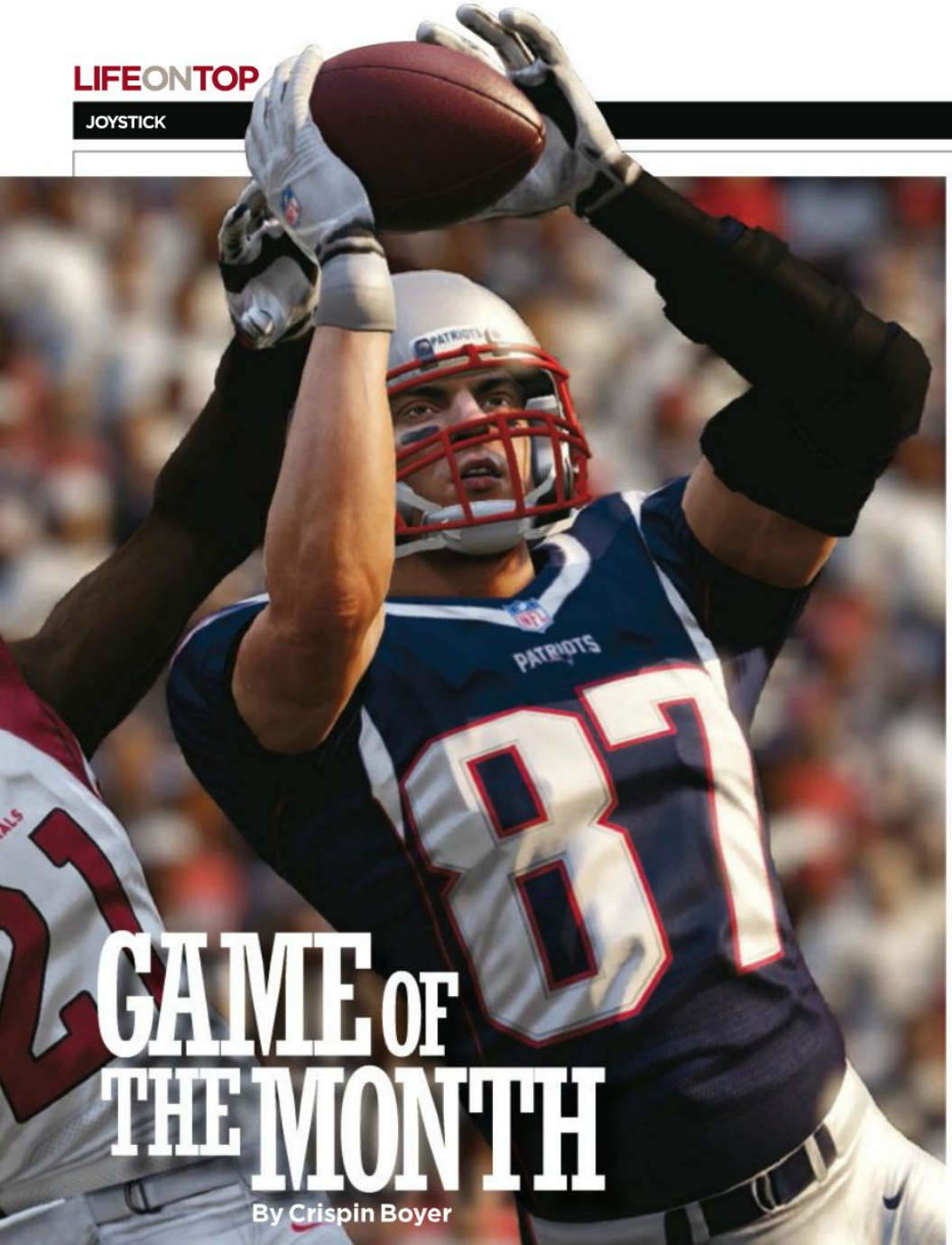
Eventually, I met up with Lorenzo Verdecia, the president of the local car club in Havana, but first, a little backstory: The famous Argentinian race driver Juan Manuel Fangio won the FIA Formula One rally in 1957. In 1958, Castro reportedly sent two masked gunmen to the hotel where Fangio was staying and kidnapped him so that a Cuban could win the rally that year. Verdecia's car club is called Friends of Fangio, and while he enjoyed sharing stories about the 1957 race, he did not want to speak about the event in '58 at all. Apparently, spies are everywhere, and local people are still greatly discouraged from speaking to foreigners about politics.

I met up with Verdecia in the plaza near the Hotel Nacional during the club's weekly meet. After ingratiating myself with the members by using my hoard of auto parts, he and his friends talked to me just as we do with friends at car shows in the States. Verdecia proudly showed me his cherished 1956 Plymouth sedan. Even the motor is original, which is quite rare in Cuba. Most cars have been highly modified with whatever could be obtained to keep them on the road, most often 1980s Russian diesel engines, duct tape, and the like.

I knew that the Cuban classics would be more a study of folk art and ingenuity, as opposed to how one would appreciate classic cars in the U.S. But I was surprised to learn that instead of resenting what they were stuck with when they were essentially cut off from the world, the Cuban people cherish these old cars. As they told their stories, they paired their personal struggles with their classic vehicles in a very unique way. Everyone I spoke with, from the Friends of Fangio club members to the cab drivers, had little to no interest in giving up their old relic in favor of a new car. However, they all hope for auto-parts stores and access to the resources we have in the States for keeping classic cars on the road.

I am really excited about the changes in Cuba, and I believe the cars are there to stay. Let's hope that the kind, generous, and beautiful people of Cuba do not get corroded by "progress" in the global sense of the word. This, I fear, is their greatest challenge: not finding the right parts, but finding the balance between their history and the potential corruption of joining the global economy.





GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer





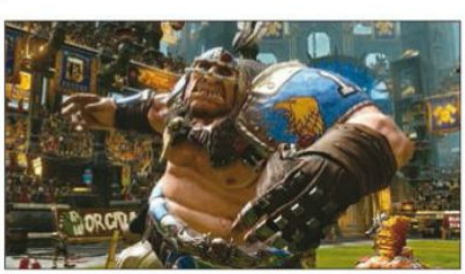
Madden NFL 16

EA Sports (Xbox One, PS4, Xbox 360, PS3)

Players perspire, muscles flex, helmets gleam, and stadiums come to life—right down to individual blades of grass—in *Madden NFL 16,* the most broadcast-ready installment of the pigskin simulator yet. But the biggest improvements are the ones you can't see. The series' makers took years of fan feedback and channeled it into an overhaul of the passing and receiving systems. It all starts at the snap, with new hand-off animations and finer control over the quarterback's pre-pass dance (make him roll out of the defensive pocket, stand his ground, or scramble and chuck-on-the-run, all at the touch of a button).

On the receiving end, snatching the ball has become a little more automatic, but there are extra options for strategy and showboating. You can choose between a grab-and-run move for big yardage, an aggressive catch that pops your receiver into the air to avoid interceptions, or a possession catch that defends the ball at all costs—including yardage. Defensive play, meanwhile, has been upgraded with receiver-focused attacks and a physics-based gang-tackling system. Of course, the artificial-intelligence players have access to all these improvements, too, so your old money plays may no longer apply.

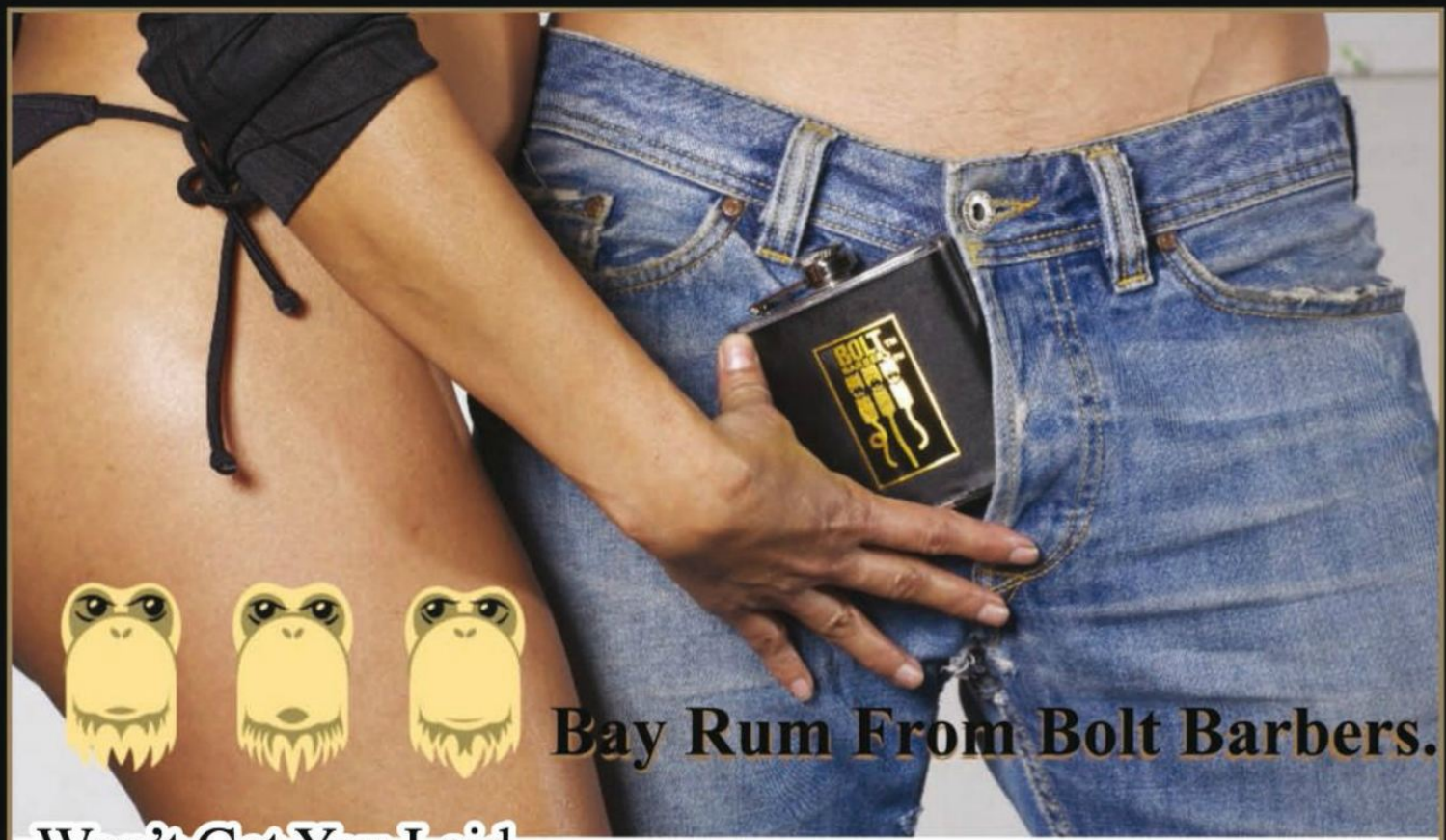
Off the field, *Madden NFL 16* distills the best parts of the fantasy-football experience into a new mode called Draft Champions. Players start by choosing a coach and forming a team of scrubs, then souping it up through roughly 15 rounds of draft picks. You can choose from three different pro players each round, and you never know who you'll have access to. Then you'll unleash your fantasy team on the field for three games against AI teams or head-to-head against other players. Winners claim the draft championship; losers blame their rotten luck on the drafts. Yep, just like real fantasy football.



Blood Bowl 2

Focus Home Interactive (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

Here's a game that puts the "fantasy" in fantasy football, combining the rules, lore, and magical races of the Warhammer board games with the most brutal aspects of American football. Tackling might as well be tickling in *Blood Bowl 2;* your goal is to murder the other team in the goriest way possible. Game play is strategy-based—meaning the action stops while you call the shots and plot moves—and you can unleash special attacks and healing magic based on dice rolls. Playing dirty (bribing the referee, poisoning defensive linemen, etc.) isn't just encouraged; it's the only way to win.



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STAY CLASSY

Dominate the dorm with these back-to-school essentials.

By Crispin Boyer



Seven-port USB charging station

Satechi • $60

Maximize your personal space—and make every outlet count—with this simple dock that's designed to recharge up to seven devices simultaneously. Three of the ports can charge larger devices (such as tablets), while the remaining four are for smartphones, cameras, and other small devices. The station comes with charging cables for both Apple and Android devices. The entire thing has a footprint of just 7.5 by 5.5 inches and plugs into a single outlet, cutting clutter both on your desk and on the wall.



Pavilion mini desktop

HP • $320

The term "desktop" hardly seems to apply to the new class of micro-PCs—some of which are as small as a USB thumb drive. HP's Pavilion model strikes the right balance between size (small enough to fit in your palm) and performance. It has all the important ports of a full-size tower, including the ability to add a second monitor, and comes with a wireless keyboard and mouse. Trick it out with a Core i3 processor and up to eight gigabytes of RAM, and you have a pretty good gaming machine on your hands ... er, in your hand. The base model (shown) is adequate for school productivity and streaming media.



Kelvin.23 urban multi-tool

Kelvin • $30

This was dreamt up in an itty-bitty condo with little space for tools or bulky toolboxes, and includes essential doodads for hundreds of household jobs in one pocket- and budget-friendly gadget. Think of it as a Swiss Army knife for dorm/frat-house survival. The Kelvin includes a tape measure, a screwdriver (with 16 essential bits), a level for hanging shelves, an LED flashlight, a magnet for holding loose hardware, and even a tiny hammer. It's not the only tool you'll ever need, but it'll tackle any furniture-assembly or picture-hanging project, turning you into the resident handyman who can perform miracles for hot dormmates.



55 Helium Plus smartphone

Archos • $139

Without a doubt, your most crucial school tool is your phone. It serves as everything from camera to media server to time killer when World History 101 hits a dull stretch. The 55 Helium Plus gives you the most bang for your buck. Unlocked out of the box, this feature-packed Android phone boasts a brilliant 5.5-inch screen at 1,280 by 720 resolution (more than sharp enough to watch movies) and a 13-megapixel camera. The included 16-gigabyte micro SD card will hold a decent chunk of your media collection, while the one-gigahertz processor is punchy enough for gaming. The slightly smaller 50 Helium Plus is $20 less.

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Not actual size.
Shown is model in Pearl White finish.
Also available in Ruby Red finish.

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Diecast metal body features doors, hood and trunk that open, steerable wheels that roll, and four wheel suspension. Available in Ruby Red finish.

The most ravishing model of this species was the two-seater 500K Special Roadster launched in 1936. It was a limited production cabriolet, in total less than 30 were made, adding to its near-mythical qualities. In it's day it went for top dollar—over $106,000. Today, these ultra rare masterpieces are going for millions. **In 2012, a Special Roadster fetched more than $11.7 million at auction at the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance.**

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HOT FOR TEACHER

Our twenty-first-century rogue offers a lesson plan on the best way to live out your teacher fantasy.

It seems like every time I open the newspaper, there's another story about a goofy teenage kid hooking up with his hot teacher. I'm entering my senior year in college and wondering if I'm the only guy in the U.S.A. to get through school without living out my teacher fantasy. I came close last semester with the grad student who taught creative writing. She's really smart and hot in that I-wear-glasses kind of way. She's invited me to hang out a few times (we're friends on social media), but it's always for a poetry reading that I'm not really into. Should I ask her to do something I want to do, like fishing or white-water rafting? How do I make this teacher thing happen before it's too late?

White-water rafting? No way. Here's the thing about the TA with the T and A. First, there's no such thing as a beautiful woman who's unaware of her beauty. Guys love to believe that they've "discovered" an undercover hot chick, but she knows that to turn heads all she needs to do is take off her glasses and shake her hair out of that librarian bun. Second, she's not your friend. She invites you to poetry readings because nobody else cares about her poetry, and she needs seat fillers. Forget her. She's not into you. She's not even a real teacher; she's just another university student, and (presumably) you've already had those.

But you don't have to be a student anymore to nail a teacher. It just won't be *your* teacher. There are literally thousands of attractive, twentysomething women out there starting to teach a new K–12 school year. They're full of good intentions and ideals, they probably watched *Dead Poets Society* five times over summer break, and they're eager to inspire their students. Within weeks, they'll realize they're stuck with way more unmotivated kids than dream students. They're overworked, unappreciated, underpaid, and spending Friday nights grading papers over a glass of boxed wine. Save them.

Cast a wide net, and hang out with a bunch of these women. They're starved for adult conversation. Make a date for Sunday evening, then make her laugh, listen to her (without throwing spitballs), take her out for dinner someplace nicer than the school cafeteria. Don't overtly hit on her—every pervy dad picking up his kid already did that.

As the date winds down, she'll be struck by a feeling of horror that you might remember as "Sunday dread": the realization that she has to go back to school in the morning. Believe me, she'll want the night to continue ... at your place or hers.

ILLUSTRATION BY CELIA CALLE



NEW BREED

The latest hop varieties, which are socked with flavors of tangerines, papayas, limes, and pine, are giving craft beers a bitter twist.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

No matter if classes are back in session or if high school and college sit squarely in the rearview mirror, September provides the perfect opportunity to bone up on your beer knowledge. That's because the last few years have seen farmers in the Pacific Northwest and Germany release an aromatic avalanche of new hops, the flowering cones that provide beer with bitterness, aroma, and flavor.

Each hop is as unique as a fingerprint, the end product of a decade's worth of agricultural trial and error in which researchers try to answer a couple of crucial questions: Is this hop disease-resistant? Will it provide a bountiful yield? And, most important, will this hop add delicious new dimensions to a beer?

Increasingly, the answer to all three questions has been a resounding yes. The latest hop varieties have provided brewers with a spice cabinet filled with novel flavors and aromas, from tangerines to limes, papayas, and lemons galore. Instead of cracking the books, it's time to crack a beer. This educational lesson requires you to drink.

AZACCA

Good things come in small packages. Taking its name from the Haitian god of agriculture, Azacca—which was released in 2013—is a most interesting cultivar. It's a dwarf hop grown on trellises that top out at around ten feet; by comparison, most commercial hop plants are grown on trellises that sky up to 20 feet. (The impetus for the low-trellis technique is cost, as production and infrastructure costs are lower.) Azacca is a fruit basket of papayas, pineapples, lemons, and pears, with a touch of pine, too.

DRINK: VICTORY HOP RANCH

Despite weighing in at nine percent alcohol by volume, this double IPA drinks smooth and easy. It's juicy, fruity, and plenty grapefruity, rocking a fluffy head and a bit of lingering, resinous bitterness.

LEMONDROP

Since making its debut last summer, few hops have been as buzzy as Hopsteiner's Lemondrop, which was bred in Washington's Yakima Valley—home to 75 percent of domestic hop production. The aromatic hop fulfills its name's promise, delivering a double-barreled charge of citrus, in addition to a hint of menthol, mint, and a tealike herbal quality. The hop is fast finding a home in IPAs.

DRINK: STONE DELICIOUS IPA

The average low-gluten beer is a bland, boring affair. Not so Stone's Delicious, a gluten-reduced IPA (it's brewed with barley and the gluten is later removed) heaped with Lemondrop and watermelon candylike El Dorado hops.

EQUINOX

If a hop researcher plants 40,000 seedlings and one makes it to market, that's a serious reason to celebrate. Lately, though, Washington's Select Botanicals Group has been on a serious winning streak, releasing a number of celebrated hops, including tropical Citra, fruity Mosaic, and, this spring, Equinox. This new hop is like a trip to the tropics, loaded with lemons, limes, and papayas, with apples and green pepper tossed in for increased complexity.

DRINK: DESCHUTES PINEDROPS IPA

The scent of the pine forests near the Oregon brewery inspired this brisk IPA, which receives its citrusy, piney profile from Chinook and Equinox hops.

MANDARINA BAVARIA

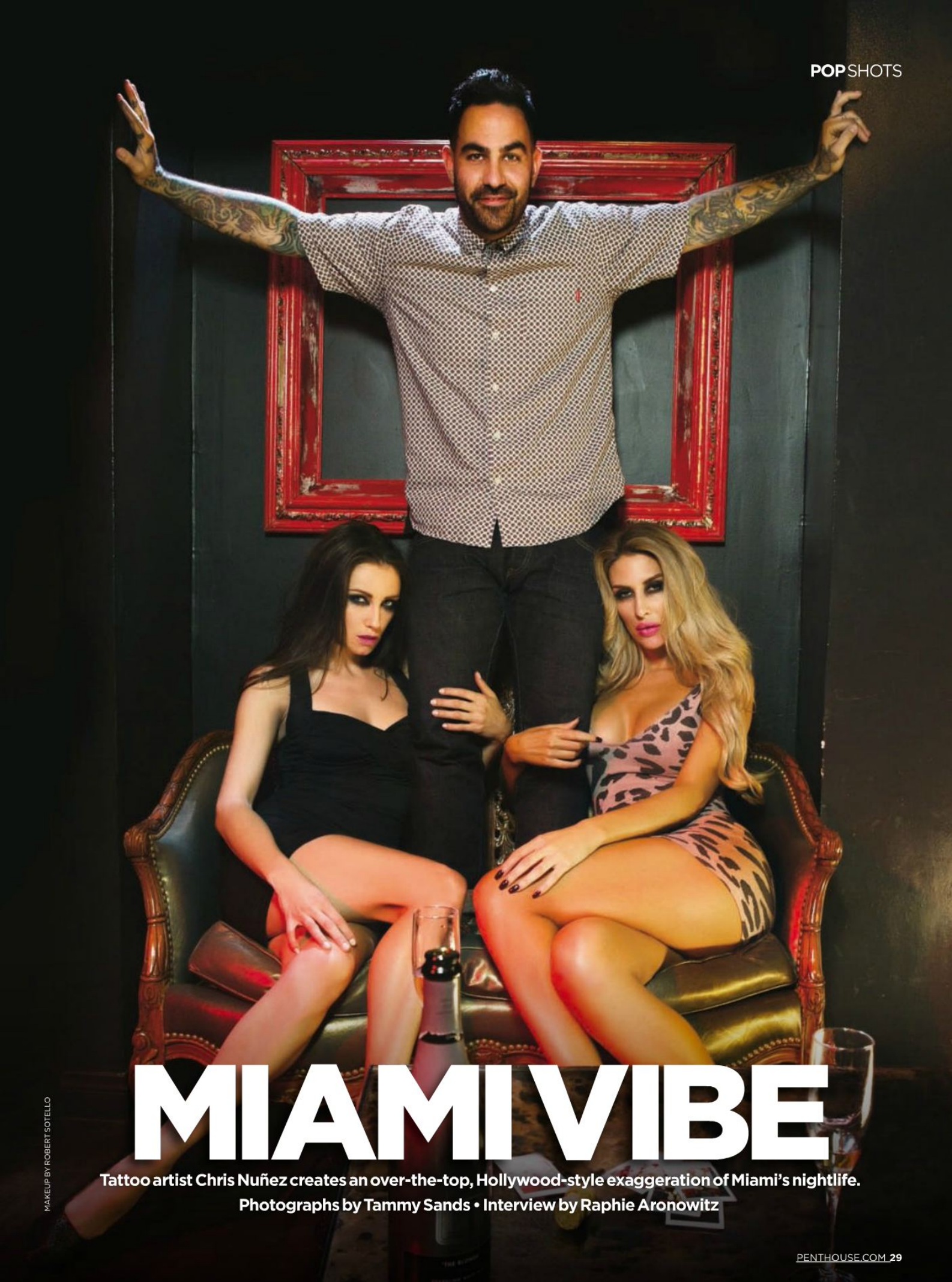
Germany has long been one of the world's leading hop producers, specializing in fragrant, earthy, and herbal noble hops that are commonly used in traditional European pilsners and lagers. Recently, scientists have developed numerous exciting new varieties that are quickly catching on with American brewers. There's honeydew-scented Hull Melon, grape-noted Hallertau Blanc, and, most notably, the tangerine-driven Mandarina Bavaria.

DRINK: FIRESTONE WALKER EASY JACK

The California brewery's intensely aromatic session IPA is a symphony of haute hops, including Hallertau Melon and tropical Mosaic, as well as zesty Mandarina Bavaria. Easy Jack is, well, an insanely easy sipper.



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MIAMI VIBE

Tattoo artist Chris Nuñez creates an over-the-top, Hollywood-style exaggeration of Miami's nightlife.

Photographs by Tammy Sands • Interview by Raphie Aronowitz

MAKEUP BY ROBERT SOTELLO





We'd be surprised if you're not familiar with Chris Nuñez, given that his appearances on *Miami Ink* (2005–2008) and *Ink Master* (2012–present) have made him one of the most famous faces in Miami. This month he created a bold vision of decadent debauchery for Pop Shots, starring Miranda Nicole and July 2005 Penthouse Pet Celeste Star.

What the fuck is up with all the fake cocaine?
[*Laughs*] My concept for the shoot was to create the type of wild night that everybody pictures about going out in Miami. I think it's artistic—a fun way to really overexaggerate the situation. I wanted to create a photo shoot that would start with models coming into a club, and follow them all the way to the point where they stumble out after seeing just how fucked-up they could possibly get. It wasn't so much about fake cocaine as it was about showing a completely over-the-top wild night and exaggerating the stereotype that some people have of Miami nightlife.

So this wasn't a statement about how your ideal type of woman is one who is all blown out on drugs?
No, of course not. But in a photograph ... it looks like a ton of fun. I'm a big fan of drug-culture movies, from *Blow* to *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. There are so many drug-culture movies that have come out in my time, and they always have this incredibly dark, seedy feel. So that was kind of my artistic inspiration—a crazy, *Wolf of Wall Street,* comedic take on this thing. No one could make it through this night if they tried. And I don't recommend that anyone actually try.

Were you nervous, or did directing the shoot feel natural?
Frankly speaking, it was a little nerve-racking because I'm not a single man. So it was like, *How am I going to pull this off and accomplish what I want to do, but at the same time not end up with my dick getting cut off in my sleep?* I didn't want to do anything that was distasteful, but at the same time people will argue that girls covered in baking soda is distasteful. But it's my eye. It's my view. That's what makes art *so* amazing.









Is that why you took such a big risk creatively?
Well, a big motivation for me was to do a shoot that looks more like high fashion than a bunch of gratuitous flesh. My point was to create this progression of a story. It's just a wild ride through a club, an artistic depiction of what the fuck a lot of people's fantasies might turn out to be when they explore that dark place in their minds. This is just bringing it to life.

Or maybe this is just a dark place in *my* mind.

It comes back to one of my favorite photos, the iconic pic of a girl snorting a line of diamonds, taken by David LaChapelle.

That's an amazing shot.
Yes, it's a fucking amazing shot. Such a cool concept. And it was very appealing to me from the time that I saw it. I wanted to create this mood that makes you feel like you were there. I hope it makes people feel some type of way, whether it's creepy, whether it's reminiscent ... even if it's just, *Oh, my God, what was he thinking?* As long as it inspires a reaction.

Drug and fashion references aside, what does this shoot reveal about you?
I like gritty, grimy, and controversial imagery. I also like for a woman to be comfortable with who she is. That shouldn't come from just showing a woman's body. I don't believe that to be the case. I respect and love the female figure, and this was more about making a statement in culture about being beautiful, feeling confident, and not being afraid to have fun and let loose. It was more about me trying to highlight a personality rather than a body. It wasn't about trying to see how much skin I could get in the game. Every time there was too much skin, I tried to cover it up with baking soda.

So you were coaching the girls to cover up more than you were telling them to strip down on-set.
I think it's a lot easier for women to "up" themselves—to appear prettier through wearing makeup, through hairstyling ... through all kinds of things. I think it takes a really beautiful woman to bring it back down, to allow herself to look more strung out, more messed up,









and more vulnerable. Celeste and Miranda both had a type of look that stood out, even when we abandoned the traditional type of styling that one would do for a more traditional shoot. Both of them had strong, striking features and beauty that radiated through and endured. I wanted to highlight that without adding too many other distractions.

Is it safe to say that Celeste and Miranda best represent your ideal *type* of woman?
I don't really have a dead-set type. I like a fit woman, a woman who has natural curves. A woman who takes care of herself. Beautiful skin. Those are all things that speak to me. And the curves and the lines of the body, the beautiful flow of hair and the way the hair frames the face.

What do you look for in a woman's personality?
My vision for the shoot was for it to be artistic and fun, and I really wanted to show the side of a woman that is artistic and fun. Not only someone who is uninhibited, but someone who is open enough to get what I'm going for and is trusting; someone who trusts me and trusts in the process. Those are values that are very important to me.

I find it interesting that neither of the models had visible tattoos.
I really don't have strong feelings one way or another about tattoos on women. Since I'm so heavily tattooed, I end up looking past tattoos after the first 30 seconds. It's like, "Oh, that's really cool. Where did you get that one? Great!" ... And moving on.

Tattooing is such a big part of my life, and it's interesting regarding my female companions. I guess the reason I've not been with many heavily tattooed women is because the last thing that I want to do when I come home from work is talk about work [*laughs*].

You were actively engaged in the shoot from start to finish. You even took over the camera at one point. Have you ever done anything like this before?
I have never shot anything professionally, but I love angles. I love and appreciate photography, especially the photography that makes you feel something. One of my first jobs was working at a T-shirt company













where I would go and develop film in the darkroom and see the images come to light. So when we weren't making T-shirts, I would just sit in the back with the owner and develop these photographs. The coolest thing about it to me was that he wasn't retouching anything. He would either underdevelop or overdevelop the film to get the effect that he wanted. He had a real understanding of light and dark and shadows, and he really gave me a feel for what photography was all about.

For this shoot, I wanted to make sure that we weren't just shooting straight shots of straight girls with straight baking soda all over. I was trying to get as creative and as angular as I could through reflective shots ... through shots from awkward positions ... and through ways of kind of distorting or reshaping the reality. That was the idea.

What was so important about the models not getting too caught up in their poses?

After ten years of doing reality television—every time we have to shoot a promo for a new season, we have to pose. We have to stand there, cross our arms, and give our best "blue steel" to the camera. And for me, that makes me very self-aware. I wanted to make sure that Celeste and Miranda were comfortable.

Also, I would not find a woman nearly as attractive if I walked by and she was posing like a mannequin and trying to be sexy as I would if she was cracking up with her friends or telling someone an intense story while looking them in the eye. Then you really get to see personality come through. I know that you can pose a natural reaction, but that's not what I'm about, and that's not what I'm attracted to.

How do you feel about the finished product?

I think we got some really cool shots. We got so many that we're in the position of having to leave a lot of good stuff on the cutting-room floor, which makes me happy. What the reader will see is the best of the best. I'm excited that the craziness of my message was conveyed. I feel like anyone who looks at this will immediately get the storyline without any explanation, and it was really fucking fun to do.

















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WHERE THE GIRLS ARE *Fall 2015*

Sipping a pumpkin-flavored drink and admiring the foliage not your idea of a wild time? Have no fear. You can have some actual fun this fall. Here are the best places to turn up—and hook up.

By Kara Wahlgren

THE PHILLY NAKED BIKE RIDE

Where: Philadelphia
When: August 29
Camping? No.
The Basics: Thousands of cyclists strip down to their birthday suits—or their Skivvies, if they're feeling modest—and bike through the streets of Philadelphia to show their support for fuel conservation and cycling advocacy. It's a social event, not a race, so feel free to get naked, strike up a conversation, and enjoy the breeze.
The Girls: They're naked, or pretty damn close. Do you really need to know more?





FOLSOM STREET FAIR

Where: San Francisco
When: September 27
Camping? No.
The Basics: Touted as "the world's biggest leather event," this street party draws around 400,000 fetishists who explore erotic art, merchandise booths full of bondage gear, public play stations, and live music and deejays spinning underground dance music.
The Girls: Whether they're just dabbling in kink or have a PhD in BDSM, the women are open-minded and ready to play. Nudity is permitted, so you can let it all hang out—or just enjoy the views.







WASHINGTON STATE FAIR

Where: Puyallup, Washington
When: September 11–27
Camping? No.
The Basics: For good, kitschy fun, it's hard to top a state fair. And Washington puts on the quintessential event: more than two weeks of old-school rides, fried food on a stick, and a three-day rodeo.
The Girls: The daytime activities are pretty wholesome, but at night head to the grandstand for concerts by acts like Duran Duran, "Weird Al" Yankovic, Heart, Jason Derulo, Pitbull, and Keith Urban—and find tons of girls ready to get the party going.







BURNING MAN

Where: Black Rock Playa, Nevada
When: August 30–September 7
Camping? Duh.
The Basics: Burning Man started almost 30 years ago as a bonfire on the beach in San Francisco. Now it draws more than 50,000 people to the Nevada desert each year. Part festival, part art project, the event encourages creative collaboration among attendees. Also, there's fire.
The Girls: Check your inhibitions at the door. Self-expression is the name of the game here, so be prepared to bare your artistic side or you'll be sleeping alone.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PHILLY NAKED BIKE RIDE) VALLENTE ROMASANTA; (FOLSOM STREET FAIR) CHUCK NACKE/ALAMY; (WASHINGTON STATE FAIR) DANITA DELIMONT/ALAMY; (BURNING MAN, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) VINCE ALONZO/AP PHOTO; BRAD HORN/AP PHOTO; BLM PHOTO/ALAMY



LEAVENWORTH OKTOBERFEST

Where: Leavenworth, Washington
When: Weekends from October 2–17
Camping? No.
The Basics: There are plenty of Oktoberfest parties to choose from—hell, your neighbor's probably throwing one—but this may be your best bet this side of the Atlantic. Why? Because this tiny town two hours east of Seattle is modeled after a quaint Bavarian village year-round, so they take Oktoberfest *very* seriously.
The Girls: The streets will be packed with pigtailed beer maidens in full lederhosen, so start practicing your pronunciation of *ein bier, bitte*.



CAMPFEST

Where: Camp Blue Ridge, Georgia
When: September 18–20
Camping? Obviously.
The Basics: Give summer a proper send-off at this summer camp for adults. Play drunken lawn games like cornhole, dodgeball, and tug-of-war with a few thousand of your closest friends. Or hit the Slip'N Slide, take a nature hike, test your air-guitar skills, go paddle boarding, make a friendship bracelet, and get rewards from the "counselors" on duty. Then top it all off with a concert headlined by the Cold War Kids.
The Girls: You'll find fun-loving, outdoorsy types looking to relive the days of sneaking off to the boys' cabin.

RIOT FEST

Where: Denver and Chicago
When: August 28–30 and September 11–13, respectively
Camping? No.
The Basics: These are not your average concert festivals. There's a rodeo in Denver, a carnival in Chicago, and a circus sideshow revue in both. Denver's headliners include the Pixies, Snoop Dogg, Iggy Pop, and Run DMC; Chicago has No Doubt, Faith No More, Ice Cube, and Billy Idol. That doesn't even scratch the surface, because as of press time, there's still a second wave of performers to be announced.
The Girls: Thanks to the eclectic lineup, variety is the name of the game here—you'll find everyone from Gwennabes to punk girls. And even if you don't have a ticket, you can meet a music lover at one of the club shows outside the festival gates—or have some fun at the Penthouse Club in either city. (Note: We're sticking to locations in the U.S. here, but there's a Toronto event if you're looking to hook up with a northern neighbor.)







PHOTOGRAPHS BY (OKTOBERFEST) JCICLE TV, (CAMPFEST) FACES OF FESTIVALS, (RIOT FEST, TOP TO BOTTOM) DT KINDLER, TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES, DANIEL BOCZARSKI/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES

BACKWOODS CAMPING & MUSIC FESTIVAL

Where: Stroud, Oklahoma
When: September 4–6
Camping? Again, duh.
The Basics: Discover new artists, join a drum circle in the woods, listen to a jam band, or take a slackline workshop—this festival is all about trying new things, expanding your horizons, and getting in touch with nature.
The Girls: Sign up for a morning yoga class or unwind in the bring-your-own-hammock area for a chance to connect with sexy granola girls.



TOMORROWWORLD

Where: Chattahoochee Hills, Georgia
When: September 25–27
Camping? Yes.
The Basics: More than 100,000 visitors come to this three-day, 21-and-up festival to immerse themselves in a world of trippy neon decor and pounding electronic-dance-music performances from headliners like Afrojack and David Guetta.
The Girls: They're here to escape reality and feel the love, so don't waste any time: Head straight to the wild welcoming party at DreamVille, the festival campground that never sleeps.











VOODOO MUSIC EXPERIENCE

Where: New Orleans
When: October 30–November 1
Camping? No.
The Basics: Halloween is kind of a big deal in America's most haunted city, and this party takes it to the next level with a mix of rock, dance, and metal shows. Of course, the party doesn't end when you leave the festival gates—the streets of New Orleans during Halloween weekend are second only to Mardi Gras in terms of raucous revelry.
The Girls: No one goes to New Orleans to relax. Wherever you stumble, you'll find girls ready to let it all hang out. And don't miss the Halloween-night costume party at the Penthouse Club.

FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

Where: Salem, Massachusetts
When: October
Camping? No.
The Basics: If you like your Halloween festivities to be a little more authentic and a lot more creepy, head to the former home of the infamous witch trials for a monthlong celebration of the macabre. There's a psychic fair, a witchcraft expo, a silent dinner, a ghost hunt, and some spooky voodoo stuff.
The Girls: Meet witchy women who are serious about tapping into their dark side at the Salem Witches' Halloween Ball, a costume party on Halloween night.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOMORROWWORLD, TOP) CHRISTOPHER POLK/GETTY IMAGES, (BOTTOM) JEFF KRAVITZ/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES, (VOODOO EXPERIENCE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) SCOTT LEGATO/GETTY IMAGES, JOSH BRASTED/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES, TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES



MOTÖRHEAD'S MOTÖRBOAT CRUISE

Where: Miami and the Bahamas
When: September 28–October 2
Camping? No, unless you count interior staterooms.
The Basics: The concept is super-simple: Gather a bunch of thrash legends and stick them on a ship to the Caribbean for a five-day cruise. Motörhead, Slayer, and Anthrax lead the pack of metal bands performing, and fans can also hang out at theme nights and meet-and-greets.
The Girls: It's spring break–meets–mosh pit, and all those metal chicks will be in vacation mode. We'd say the odds are in your favor.









Five Can't-Miss College Parties



OHIO UNIVERSITY HALLOWEEN BLOCK PARTY

This is typically held the Saturday before Halloween. The decades-strong tradition draws tens of thousands of people into the streets of Athens for a night of live music, heavy drinking, the occasional disorderly-conduct arrest, and a sea of gratuitously sexy costumes.



CHICK-FIL-A KICKOFF GAME

College football can't start soon enough, and this early-season SEC game is the perfect way to get amped for an exciting season. The University of Louisville Cardinals and Auburn Tigers go head-to-head in Atlanta, and before the big game there are FanZone activities, pep rallies, and a massive tailgate party.



FRAT BEACH

Every November, on the eve of the U of Georgia–U of Florida football game, thousands of students gather on St. Simons Island to set aside their bitter rivalry and throw an all-night beach rager. The party reportedly gets so lewd that some local families leave town for the weekend.



MIRROR LAKE JUMP

Before the annual Ohio State–University of Michigan game, more than 10,000 OSU students party in the frigid waters of Mirror Lake. When the school tried to control the wild crowd in 2013 by putting up a fence and issuing wristbands, resourceful students simply showed up one night early.



FROSH WEEKS

Didn't pick a party school? No worries. Nearly every college kicks off the school year with a freshman orientation week—which, of course, turns into a show of drunken debauchery for students relishing their newfound independence. Even if you're well into your college career, you'll definitely want to make an appearance and, uh, help with the transition process.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (MOTÖRHEAD CRUISE) CHRIS BRADSHAW; (COLLEGE PARTIES, FROM LEFT) BRIAN KELLOGG/AP PHOTO; CAL SPORT MEDIA/AP PHOTO; STEPHEN B. MORTON/AP PHOTO; ADAM CAIRNS/AP PHOTO; RONALD W. ERDRICH/AP PHOTO

ALEJANDRA GUERRERO

This fine-art photographer from Bogotá, Colombia, uses erotic imagery to share her experiences working in the fetish scene in Chicago and Los Angeles.

Alejandra Guerrero spent many summers in the States during her childhood, and vacationed with relatives in Chicago during her teenage years. That's when she convinced her mother to buy her a camera, saying she would be taking pictures for the school paper. "The real reason was so I could take photos of the boys I liked," she says. During college, while studying photography and electronic media at the University of Illinois at Chicago, she worked in a photo lab as well as other random jobs, mostly in nightclubs. Her early photos combined her active social life with interests in nightlife, art shows, and the fetish scene, and as her career progressed, her desire to create depictions of the fetish lifestyle grew more defined. Now she also organizes events and parties related to her art so people can experience, in her words, "memorable nights full of provocation, temptation, and erotica."



Alyssa Lovelock and Olivia Black



Kimberly Kane and Aria Giovanni

Do you feel as if seeing the images in *Penthouse* impacted your own work?
Definitely. I'm a big admirer of Bob Guccione's legacy, which paved the way for many photographers, myself included. The main influence has been the erotic power I get from the images in *Penthouse,* which are bold and provocative, with a voyeuristic point of view, while having a decadent feeling that I greatly identify with. As you can see, it's all over my work.

What does it mean to you to shoot erotic images?
Ultimately, freedom. Erotica is a way of expressing myself visually as an artist and as a woman. I like being bold and being able to provoke, and I find shooting erotic images exciting and intriguing. I enjoy the controversial aspect of it as well. I've also embraced shooting girl-on-girl pictorials, and *Penthouse* was one of the first to explore this genre.

There's a wide variety of images included in this portfolio, but a definite focus on shades of BDSM.
That's been an ongoing theme throughout my career. The first people who ever modeled for me were dommes I had met at fetish parties, and since then, many women who are into this lifestyle have posed for me. Also, I've become more interested in the topic from a sexual-anthropological point of view. I'm the observer taking notes for ideas in my photos. I like learning about the different lifestyles that people get into, and I find the world of BDSM a fascinating and dynamic subject.

Why did you pick these particular photos to submit to *Penthouse*?
I think it's a very good representation of the variety of my work, both fine-art black-and-whites and my digital color work. This collection illustrates the types of models, scenarios, and fantasies I showcase, as well as my taste for styling and fashion. I never shoot women fully naked; they're always wearing at least a pair of fashionable stilettos.

What makes an erotic photo interesting, memorable, and/or remarkable?
Personally, I like photos that have a certain voyeuristic tone, where the image makes you fill in the blanks. I prefer images with a slight story, that have interesting compositions, with alluring characters that capture your imagination and stay in your mind. But mostly ones that inspire desire and lust.

Name three things you can't live without.
First, a camera in my purse. I've carried one for as long as I've been doing photography. Even though the phone has evolved a lot, I like having something that takes quality images. You never know what you may see, or when an impromptu shoot may happen. Plus, I enjoy documenting my life and doing self-portraits. I currently carry a Fuji X100S.

Second, a pair of killer black stilettos. I believe that the shoes make the woman, and that an outfit can always be made sexy/stylish with some striking heels.

Last but not least, love, because it's such a powerful and wonderful thing.



Mika Lovely and
Melissa Jean

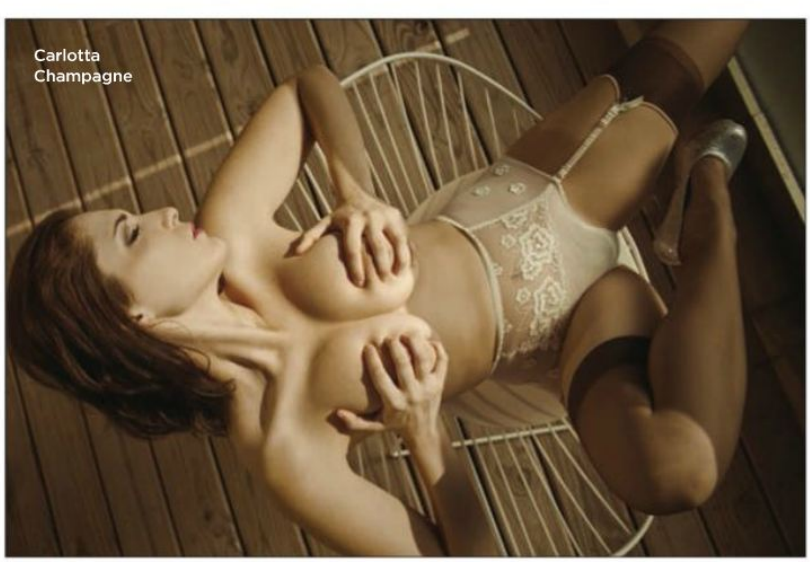

Kimberly Kane and Aria Giovanni

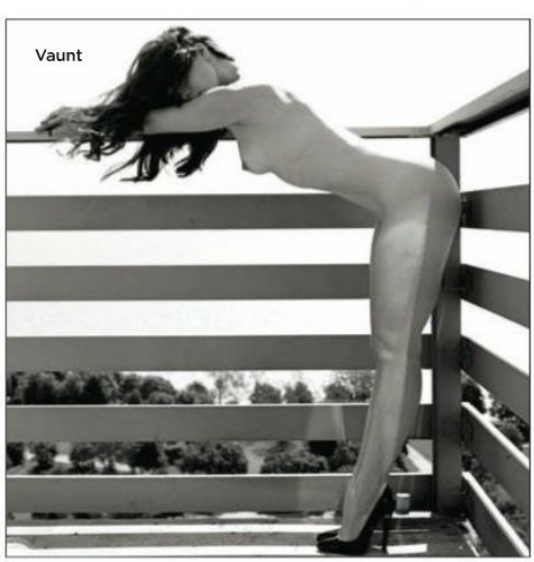

Carlotta Champagne


Mika Lovely and Melissa Jean


Jana Wildatheart and Roxy Diamond


Vlada Fox and Bex


Carlotta Champagne


Vaunt



Andy
San Dimas

THE DRUG TRIAL OF THE CENTURY

We've been hearing about a cure for AIDS since the development of the first antiretroviral drugs in the mid-1990s. Now it might really be true. Unfortunately, the vacuum of ethics in the pharmaceutical industry means a potential cure won't really affect the pandemic.

By Michael Laufer, PhD



PHOTOGRAPH BY (LEFT) BSIP SA/ALAMY

Things have come a long way since the human immunodeficiency virus was first discovered in 1981. There are now HIV tests that take only 30 seconds, unlike the days when one had to wait two weeks to get test results. There are postexposure prophylactic treatments, so if a condom breaks you can get treated and greatly reduce your chances of contracting HIV. On top of that, there are new medications that can diminish the likelihood of contraction when one expects a possibility of being exposed. For those who are already infected, there are antiretroviral treatments that can bring the viral load—the level of HIV in the blood—to below detectable levels.

With these treatments, the disease has been converted from a terminal illness to a chronic condition. So the virus should be dying out, right? Well, it would be, but with all these treatments, one has to obtain them, and stick to a rigid regimen.

The most popular treatment uses three different drugs, all of which have to be taken daily at a particular time. Some need to be ingested with food, others on an empty stomach. Even with a modern delivery system that puts three drugs in a single daily pill, it can still be forgotten. One can miss a dose because of another illness, or any of a thousand other reasons that could result in a delay in getting to one's meds. With a virus as aggressive as HIV, missing a single dose, or even taking a medication at the wrong time of day, causes the viral load to spike and transmission rates to go way up. This is when many new infections occur. The same regimen needs to be followed if one is taking antiretrovirals to prevent contracting HIV.

GSK744, however, a new antiretroviral developed by British multinational drug maker GlaxoSmithKline,

would be given just four times a year via intramuscular injection. It almost sounds like a vaccine. Chasity Andrews, who works at the Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center, is first author of a January 2015 article in *Science Translational Medicine* about GSK744; she says, "The question now is, Are people going to come back and get their repeat injections? That's where the adherence comes in in this type of regimen. Do people go back to the doctor, go back to the hospital, and get their next injection?"

This is a huge issue. It's not sufficient to just invent a technology that will prevent a disease. There needs to be an infrastructure of delivery to where it's needed, and a public awareness that it exists, should be sought out, and requires that one follow through on the treatment—indefinitely and perhaps permanently.

There also is great potential for GSK744 to be used as an antiretroviral treatment for those who are already infected. The same mechanism that causes it to work so effectively as a pre-exposure prophylactic treatment is likely to keep the viral load in infected individuals below detectable levels with that same quarterly injection. That would be revolutionary.

This treatment potentially removes both the stigma of carrying the virus, and the need for testing. In a highly infected population, GSK744 could be given to everyone, without even testing for HIV, and the disease would be pressed into dormancy. It would not spread any further, and those already infected would live much the way uninfected individuals do. If this practice were sufficiently widespread, AIDS could go the way of polio within a generation.



Pharmaceutical Philanthropy?

This is where the business ethics of pharmaceutical companies comes in: GlaxoSmithKline is not a nonprofit humanitarian organization; it's a business. And no matter the goal of any company, before it can work toward that goal, it must turn a profit. Every single ideal, goal, or mission becomes expendable if it threatens the company's ability to profit. If you are a good businessperson, when you make an evaluation of anything, it should be only a matter of the numbers in the end. People often make the mistake of accusing businesses of being immoral. This is false. Businesses are amoral, not immoral. There is no malice in the actions they take; it is merely an indifference to the collateral damage they might or might not incur as they improve the bottom line.

If the best GSK can do is have its business partner sing its praises, that doesn't say a lot about the company.

If it were more profitable to be altruistic, companies would do just that, and in some cases they do. Public-relations people have learned that it can be good for business when the public image of a company is more positive: Pfizer gave unlimited free supplies of its antifungal medication Diflucan to the 50 poorest nations in the world; Merck gave away Mectizan, the treatment for river blindness, a debilitating tropical disease. GSK must have done something positive, right? The company has been ranked first on the 2014 Access to Medicine Index, in part for its work in conjunction with the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation in developing the first malaria vaccine. The vaccine isn't ready yet, but still, that seems pretty altruistic.

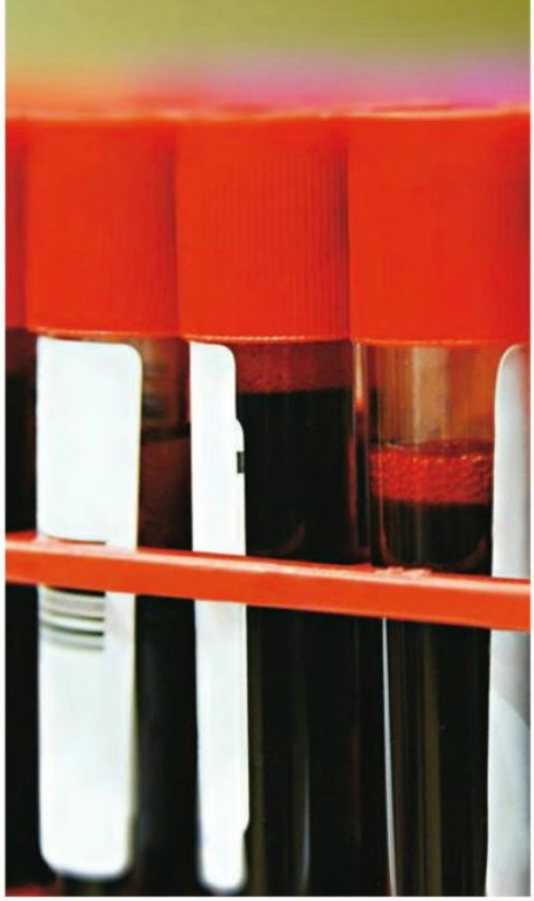
The thing is, the Access to Medicine Index is run by the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation as well. If the best GSK can do is have its business partner sing its praises, that doesn't say a lot. In 2012, GSK paid the largest settlement ever in the history of lawsuits against pharmaceutical companies. It paid a total of $3 billion after a guilty plea to criminal and civil charges of paying kickbacks to physicians to promote off-label uses for its drugs, and for failing to report safety data about one of its drugs. And given that Pfizer, Bristol-Meyers Squibb, Merck, and many other companies have paid out in similar suits in the past decade, it seems clear that this is an industry-wide practice.

Somewhere along the line, someone ran the numbers and deemed that it was a profitable practice to continue the kickback process. The calculation probably goes something like this: It's going to take the prosecution a few years to mount the case. Once charges are filed, instead of pouring money down the toilet in a doomed defense attempt, the company will settle, probably for a few billion dollars. So if the kickbacks are going to make more than a few billion over the course of a few years, the practice is profitable, and should continue. This is third-grade math: The alligator eats the bigger number.

It is also pretty scary that an industry allegedly based on keeping people healthy consistently makes a



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) KRISTOFFER TRIPPLAAR/ALAMY; (BOTTOM) MATTHEW LLOYD/BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES



conscious decision to pay doctors to prescribe drugs for unapproved uses. Nobody at any of these companies is *trying* to hurt anyone; it's merely that if someone gets hurt along the way while the company is making its money, that's just the cost of doing business.

It's interesting to note that GSK was also exposed for having a great many offshore tax havens in Mauritius, Bermuda, Nigeria, Liberia, Malta, Cyprus, the Cayman Islands, and the Antilles. These are not countries where one sets up research labs. GSK stated that it has an obligation to investors to be tax efficient and to patients to free up money for research into new medicines. That's all well and good, but it's really code for "We are a moneymaking organization, and seek that above all else."

GSK also paid the largest IRS settlement in history—more than $3 billion. Then there was a huge criminal trial in China when it was discovered that GSK was bribing doctors with cash and sexual favors in exchange for prescribing its drugs. And let's not forget that the company broke the record for the largest seizure of product, and paid the largest criminal fine and forfeiture for manufacturing adulterated drugs. That happened when one of GSK's plants was producing drugs that weren't sterile, varied in strength, and sometimes had no active ingredients at all.

Nobody at these companies is *trying* to hurt anyone; that's just the cost of doing business.



The history of the vacuum of ethics in the pharmaceutical industry is long and sordid. Nowhere was this more evident than in the AIDS debacle in Africa when the first antiretrovirals went online. In 2001, GSK was one of the 39 companies that filed suit in South Africa to block the manufacturing and import of generic versions of the first generation of AIDS drugs. The company also tried to block the World Health Organization from allowing poor countries to manufacture generic versions of expensive drugs if it makes the determination that there is a public-health emergency. In the end there were some resolutions, but not before millions of people died because they couldn't afford medicine.

There could have been a wonderful humanitarian story to come out of that time, but there was not. It seems odd, until you look at it from the perspective of the company. "There is no percentage in goodwill," a former Merck and Bristol-Meyers Squibb contractor tells us. "You get maybe a week of good press, and you lose hundreds of millions of dollars, if you donate a drug. The nonprofit model of humanitarianism is to put yourself out of business as you accomplish your goal. That's not business. In business you have to turn a profit. In the end, people don't invest in a company because it does good work. They invest in a company because it's making them money."

Based on that thinking, GSK does good business. While discussing the collaboration between the Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center and GSK, Chasity Andrews says, "GSK owns the molecule." A molecule can be owned? Even given the precepts of intellectual-property law, the absurdity of it is palpable. Of course, GSK744 is a man-made molecule, so it makes sense that the production process would be proprietary. But to say that the molecule itself is owned? That seems as odd as Apple's patent on rectangular devices with rounded corners. And although rounded corners might seem like a silly ploy for large companies battling over market share, things take on an entirely different tone when people's lives are at stake.

Could you look someone in the eye and tell him that he's going to die because the idea that would save him belongs to you, and you aren't going to share? Well, three times a minute someone dies an avoidable AIDS-related death because we accept the state of intellectual-property law. The medicine exists, but it's priced beyond the reach of many who need it. Somehow the right to profit from an idea has come to supersede the right to live from one.

GSK744 will most likely get approved. Phase-two trials are in progress. The company already has a trade name picked out: Cabotegravir (*kay-bow-te-gra-veer*). Maybe someone is imagining setting up a treatment center in Cabo San Lucas so hipsters can say, "Oh, I'm going to Cabo for my winter shot of Cabo."

There has been no public statement on what the pricing structure will be for Cabotegravir, but we can guess that GSK won't be giving it away, or even giving much of a break to anyone who can't afford it. Soon rich people will be able to go back to the magical era between the invention of oral contraception and the discovery of AIDS, where sex was just pure, freewheeling fun, instead of fun overcast by the risk of terminal illness. But for the poor, it will remain a game of Russian roulette.

What does it say about humanity when we develop treatments but then refuse to deliver them? Shame. We should all feel shame.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (BOTTOM) NORM BETTS/BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES


POLICE

DEARLY BESOTTED

On the (wobbly) heels of *Drunk Wedding,* his found-footage comedy, upstart director Nick Weiss offers tips on marijuana fire safety, how to break into filmmaking, and the best way to shoot a golden-shower scene.

By John Bolster

Getting booted out of Harvard turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to writer/director Nick Weiss. The expulsion, which ended up being a one-year furlough, gave him time to focus on what he really wanted to do—make "dumb movies with my friends"—as opposed to what he should or had to do, namely, complete his course work in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He did do that, though, and after graduation Weiss headed to Los Angeles to pursue his filmmaking dream. He soon lucked into a job directing *Senior Skip Day,* a "ridiculous high school party movie" starring Tara Reid and Norm MacDonald, and that gig led to his latest project, *Drunk Wedding,* about a group of friends attending a destination wedding in Nicaragua and filming every last pie-eyed shenanigan that unfolds during the weekend. Paramount bought the film, and Weiss's star continues to rise: He recently landed a two-year deal with ABC Studios to develop and direct.

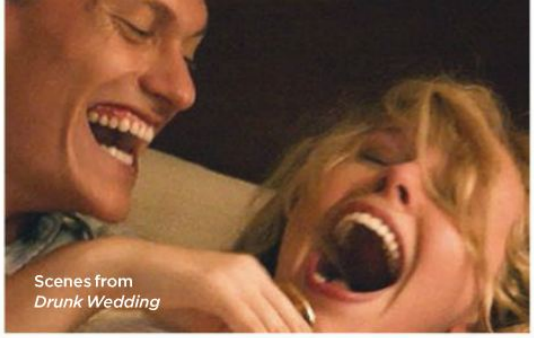


I've read that some "pot smoking gone wrong" led to your getting kicked out of Harvard. Can you elaborate on that?
It was halfway through my freshman year. I was in a dorm room with a group of guys. We were drinking 40s of, I believe, Olde English, and smoking a bowl when somebody suddenly realized we were late to catch a bus to Wellesley, an all-girls school nearby. This bus was popularly known as "the Fuck Truck." I did not make that name up—I just want to be clear. That was what it was widely referred to as. We were going to a party at Wellesley and we were about to miss our "fuck truck." So we hightailed it out of there. Ten minutes later somebody walks by, and there's smoke pouring out from under the door. The building was evacuated. It turned out that one of the knuckleheads I was with had dumped out the pipe into a trash bag full of paper products.

The fact that Harvard kids made that mistake is pretty funny.
I know; it sounds pretty dumb. And it was pretty dumb. But on the ten-year anniversary of the fire, I hosted a party at my apartment in L.A., where I put a trash can filled with paper on the table and challenged anybody at the party to try to re-create that fire. No one was able to do it. It was a really unlikely event. So, it was dumb, but we were also pretty unlucky.

In this age of opportunity via YouTube, and all the do-it-yourself filmmaking options, what advice do you have for aspiring filmmakers?
Well, the best advice is just to do the thing. As you said, it's much easier to shoot and edit something of high quality than it was 10 or 20 years ago,

PHOTOGRAPH BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

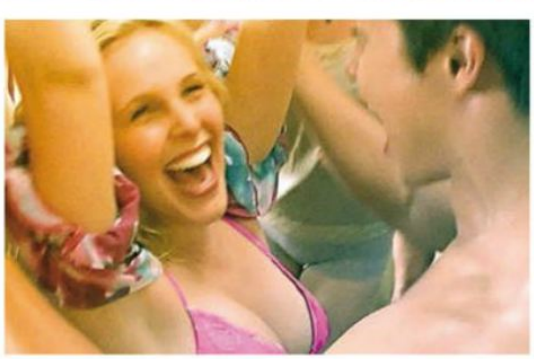


Scenes from *Drunk Wedding*











so make stuff, and show it to people. I think success in this business—and maybe this is true in all areas of life—is a confluence of making something good and showing it to the right people. Of having some talent and then some connections in the world who can see that and help you kind of run with it.

The "found footage" device has become a staple of horror films, but *Drunk Wedding* may be the first film to use it in a comedy. What do you think it lends to comedy?
I think found footage can lend to comedy the same things it has lent to horror: a sense of immediacy, realness. That's why it's been so effective in horror, because it makes it feel real, which makes the scary moments scarier. I think it has that potential in comedy as well. The more your characters seem like real people, the more that comedic effect of *I can't believe this is happening* is heightened.

The actor Nick Ross, who plays Linc in the film, bears a striking resemblance to Beavis from *Beavis and Butt-Head*. Did you cast him with that in mind, or was that something that came up during production?
[*Laughs*] He's such a good man and such a good sport. We cast him because he was really funny, and we were aware that he bore this resemblance to Beavis. So we decided to shoot a scene that played off that.

Dan Gill, who plays Phil, has a John C. Reilly vibe. Did people comment on that?
Yeah, that's something that we heard a lot. While we were rehearsing, I just directed him to play the part like a seven-year-old. It was literally, like, "You're seven. Do the scene." And it was a great point of reference during shooting, because he would sometimes sound a little bit too normal, and it was like, "Yeah, that was kind of like a 15-year-old." You know? "Give me seven. Seven years old, okay? Go."

The actors involved in the awkward threesome scene—what was their initial response to playing it?
They were incredibly game. I think all actors in comedy want to do something funny on-screen, and I think they got that from the beginning, when they saw it [in the script]. I'm sure they were a little apprehensive, but they were very professional about it.

Including Diana Newton, who occupied the middle part of a man sandwich?
Diana was such a trouper, and I think she almost took it upon herself to make sure everybody on the set—which was not a lot of people, because you clear the set down to the bare essentials for a scene like that—[understood] that she was fine. That this was okay, that she was a professional. It was pretty relaxed and supportive as we were shooting what's not an easy scene.

How about the golden-shower scene—what were the special effects involved in that?
[*Laughs*] Our prop master Casey [Van Maanen] built this contraption—it was basically a tank of water with a little hand pump on it, and a long thin tube that snaked up the side of Nick Ross's leg. But our producer, Couper [Samuelson], is a big prankster, and a couple of hours before we shot it, we called those two actors to the set to rehearse it. As we start to run through it, we had the prop master come in to demonstrate how this pee contraption was going to work. He made it seem as though the thing broke. We feigned panic, and we said to the guys, "This is a huge problem—this scene is the reason Paramount green-lit the movie." We're like, "We have to shoot it tonight, what are we gonna do?" The actors start to look at us, like, "You're not serious."

"I just directed him to play the part like a seven-year-old. It was literally, like, 'You're seven. Do the scene.'"

[*Laughs*]
We said, "Guys! We don't see another way!" We convinced them that the only way we could shoot this golden-shower scene was for one actor to actually give the other actor a golden shower. They were completely freaked out, but because they were good men, and for the good of the movie, they very grudgingly agreed to do it. Then we said, "Yeah, we're just kidding." And we filmed that whole thing.

That's one for the DVD extras right there.
Totally.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARAMOUNT INSURGE



PERFECTING SPORTS

Five changes we'd make if we woke up one day to find we'd been made lord of all sports (which could totally happen).

By John Bolster

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK POUTENIS

Let's get one notion clear right at the tip-off: We're well aware that most of the prescriptions we're about to lay down here have little to no chance of being adopted by the major professional sports leagues of North America (in our lifetime, anyway). Most of the proposals favor the fans and the players over the owners—which, let's be honest, makes them nonstarters right out of the gate—and many of them involve short-term belt-tightening, or greening, with an eye toward long-term improvements and strengthening. That latter element flies in the face of the instant-gratification impulse of owners who routinely threaten local politicians with relocation as a way to get their stadiums publicly financed—then keep almost every last cent of the profits said venues generate all to themselves. (See Vikings, Minnesota, 2012–; or Seahawks, Seattle, 1997–; or any number of other examples.)

We'd like to get rid of some of the bloat in sports. But owners, being fat cats in the most cartoonish sense of the term—they're all about bloat.

But maybe one day in the distant (or completely wishful) future, something will give. The reckless, extortionate ways of the owners will catch up with them, something like justice will prevail, and they'll have to restructure their enterprises.

Keep this list handy for when that day arrives.



CONTRACTION

What: Reducing the number of teams in the league, by two or more; the opposite of expansion.
Who: Baseball and hockey could use it, but no league would benefit more from this measure than basketball. If you doubt it, head on over to the NBA website and look up the Philadelphia 76ers' roster. *Arnett Moultrie, Nerlens Noel, Alexey Schved*—stop us when you've heard of one of these guys. The Sixers finished 19-63 last year, and they weren't the weakest team in the league. That distinction went to the Milwaukee Bucks, who finished 15-67. Clearly the talent pool has been spread too thin.
Why: To strengthen the talent pool, raise the level of play, and increase the competitive balance.
All in favor: No less a figure than NBA superstar LeBron James (left) was in favor of contraction as far back as 2010, saying, "Hopefully the league can figure out a way where it can go back to the eighties, [when] you had three or four all-stars ... on the same team. The league was great. It wasn't as watered down as it is [now]."

SCHEDULE REDUCTION

What: Trim the number of games in the regular season.
Who: Hockey, basketball, and baseball.
Why: To eliminate, uh, underwhelming mid-season games in which fatigued players and no-hoper teams phone it in. Also: to make games mean more, to cut down on injuries, and to keep star players fresh for the playoffs.
All in favor: According to a 2013 poll by New England Sports Network (NESN), 50 percent of NHL fans would like to see the hockey schedule shortened. ESPN hoops writer Henry Abbott is staunchly in favor of schedule reduction. As for baseball, numerous pundits (along with thousands of fans) have come out in favor of trimming the regular season, and in 2010 the notion was even considered by the players' union. The proposal didn't make it because of—you'll never guess why—"revenue implications for the industry."

EXPANDED PLAYING SURFACES

What: Make the rink/field/court bigger.
Who: Hockey, football, and basketball.
Why: Players are bigger, faster, stronger, and more athletic than ever before. They've outgrown the dimensions of their games, most of which have been in place for more than half a century. Hockey would benefit most from this change—as is demonstrated at most Olympic Games, where the sport is played on a wider, longer rink, and the result is a style of play that's faster, safer, and more skillful.



All in favor: Calgary Flames president Brian Burke (below)—a die-hard old-school guy—told the *Boston Globe* in 2013, "A wider rink should allow for more playmaking, more scoring, better power plays ... overall, a greater emphasis on skill, but still with plenty of hitting." Veteran NFL reporter Dan Pompei has floated the idea of widening (and lengthening) U.S. football fields in the name of safety, quoting former executive Bill Polian, who worked in both the NFL and the Canadian Football League, where fields are 35 feet wider: "You would have more space and perhaps a safer game. I say that based on my CFL experience. There are fewer collisions of that type [high-impact, head-to-head] in the Canadian game." NBA vice president Kiki Vandeweghe once told ESPN that making the court bigger is "an interesting idea and we've actually looked at it." But the NBA is currently nowhere near adopting this change.

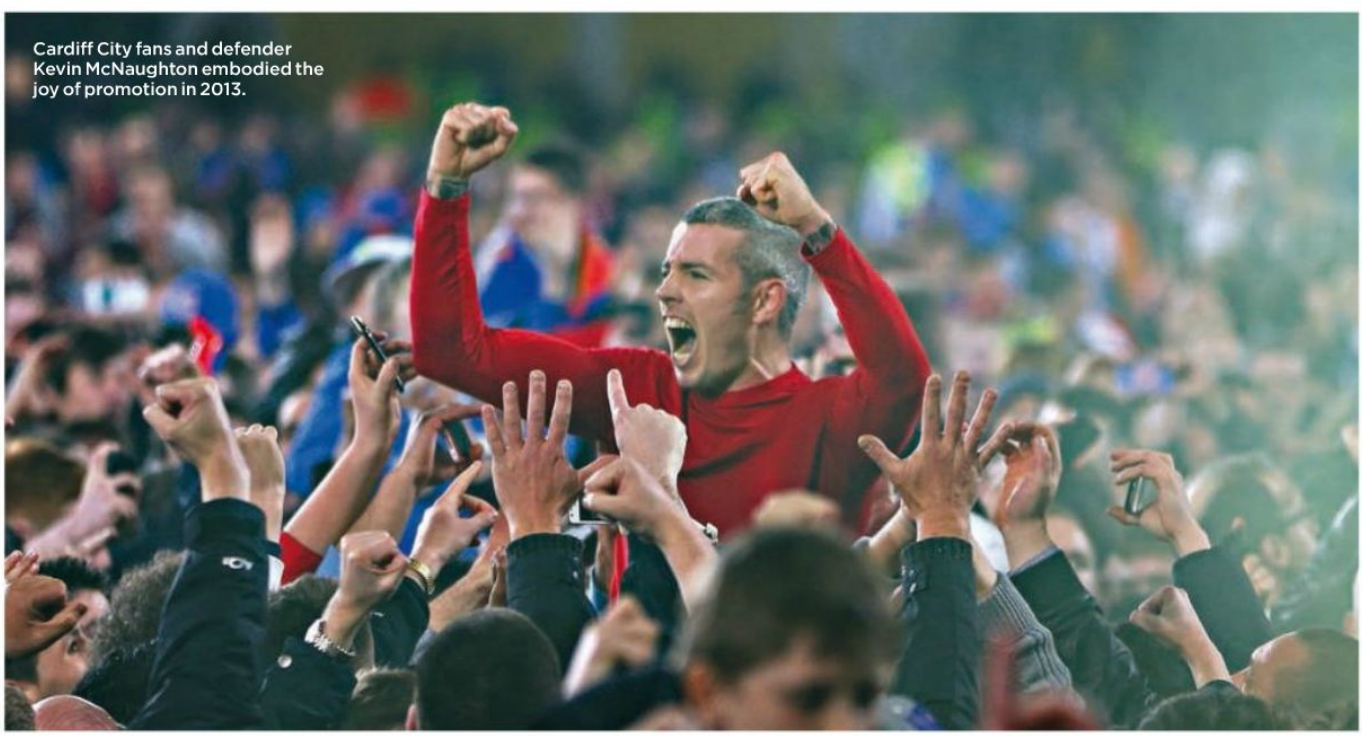
PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) JOE ROBBINS/GETTY IMAGES; (BOTTOM) BRUCE BENNETT/GETTY IMAGES

SPEED THE PLOW

What: Speed up the games!
Who: Baseball, football, and the last two minutes of basketball.
Why: Because no one has four hours to set aside for a sporting event—or the metaphysical endurance to survive a final 60 seconds that lasts 20 minutes.
How: Add a pitch clock to baseball (really), eliminate some of the approximately 241 TV time-outs in football, and restrict time-outs—and commercials—in the final two minutes of basketball games.
All in favor: Boston Red Sox chairman (and onetime candidate for commissioner) Tom Werner wants a pitch clock in MLB; everyone who has ever attended an NFL game—and puzzled at why the players stand around so much—wants fewer TV time-outs in pro football; and NBA analyst Jeff Van Gundy would like to see teams limited to one time-out in the final two minutes of basketball games.



TV timeouts tire NFL fans.



Cardiff City fans and defender Kevin McNaughton embodied the joy of promotion in 2013.

ADD PROMOTION/ RELEGATION

What: The bottom two or three teams in each league drop down to the second level of the sport, while the top two or three from that level get promoted to the big leagues.
Who: Baseball, hockey, basketball.
Why: It's the ultimate competition-sharpener. The revenue lost by dropping out of the top level would be enough to get owners to actually run their teams properly, and the incentive for players to stay in the bigs would effectively limit late-season garbage games.
All in favor: We haven't seen anyone come out in favor of promotion/relegation for North American sports, and there are huge, obvious obstacles to it in the current landscape. But consider the following: On July 31, 2014, the Chicago Cubs had a record of 45-62, with no prayer of reaching the postseason. That afternoon they played the Colorado Rockies, who were similarly wandering in the wilderness at 44-65. Why would anyone show up to watch this game, which was essentially a pantomime of meaningful competition? (With 55 more nothing-at-stake games remaining on the schedule.) Astonishingly, though, 35,729 fans turned up at Wrigley Field that day. Don't those fans—those self-punishingly loyal fans—deserve better? The Cubs routinely finish in the top half of MLB attendance figures, but the team hasn't won a championship since—don't laugh—1908, and hasn't been to the playoffs in seven years.

By hitting them in the pocketbook, their most tender area, promotion/relegation would ensure that owners drop the lip service and truly strive to do right by the fans.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) AP PHOTO/KATHY WILLENS; (BOTTOM) MICHAEL STEELE/GETTY IMAGES

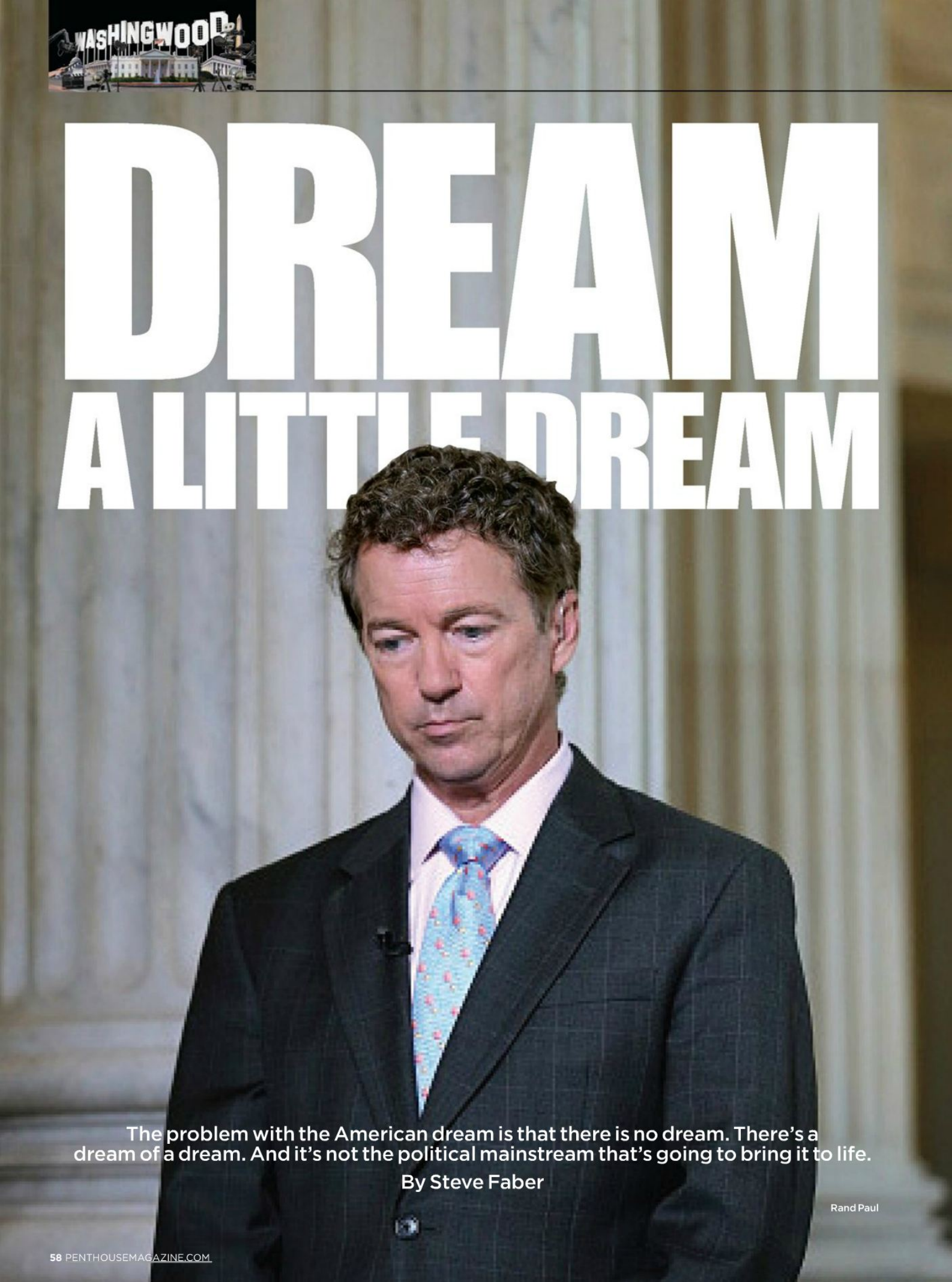


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DREAM A LITTLE DREAM



The problem with the American dream is that there is no dream. There's a dream of a dream. And it's not the political mainstream that's going to bring it to life.

By Steve Faber

Rand Paul

I have recently been accused of shilling for liberals, an accusation that's utterly baseless, as I do not care for liberals (I prefer my politics with a shot of bourbon: anarchy, left, right). I also don't care for the type of politics that manifests in the form of a middle-aged couple taking a Martini break at the ninth hole of their predominately (oh, why not just say it? *all*) white country club, writing a check to their local congressman, who's served in the House for 20 terms. The modern American voting liberal/conservative never marches or demonstrates. He or she considers licking envelopes "activism." In other words, if you're a voting liberal or conservative, you're in the center. More than that, you *are* the center. You currently have a lot of power and, more to the point, you're solidly ... mainstream. Soon you'll be passé.

Put the above thought under a microscope and you'll see it clearly. Begin with the American rightist. He carries a copy of the Constitution in the front breast pocket of his coat and has a lot of (too many?) firearms. He carries the document written more than 220 years ago by enlightened white men who had slaves and treated their women like handkerchiefs, each man an oxymoron with a pulse. That document that contains words that may not be touched, words that are evangelically biblical in nature. That man runs for Congress or the Senate and hits the lotto (aka, wins). See Rand Paul.

In opposition, by name only, is the modern American mainstream anarcho-syndicalist leftist, who eschews politics altogether and opens a combination coffeehouse/bookstore/tattoo parlor/gelato joint. And then can't figure out why it doesn't work. Trust me that I've traversed this leftist terrain, even winding up in Nicaragua when one wasn't supposed to travel to Nicaragua. After witnessing the hypocrisy (meet the new boss, same as the old boss), I smartened up. The leftist anarcho-syndicalist is all about concepts. And pamphlets. And uses the word "dialectic" a lot.

Think I'm wrong? Have you seen the Occupy movement lately? No, you haven't, because the organizers came to the conclusion that what they were attempting to occupy was simply too fucking big to occupy: the mainstream. And the mainstream responded with sounder, still unaffordable mortgages, plus a set of well-intended banking laws (Dodd-Frank) that lower-district courts have found unconstitutional, and that most legal scholars believe this Supreme Court will also find unconstitutional within ten minutes. They'll make them disappear in a David Copperfield "Hey, where'd the Statue of Liberty go?" kind of way, except they won't make them reappear.

If you're into change, the fringe is where it's at. The fringe? They drive cattle on Bureau of Land Management land or they print pamphlets at coffeehouse/bookstore/tattoo/gelato joints. Pamphlets about ... driving cattle on Bureau of Land Management land. They don't identify with liberalism or conservatism. They just want their privacy and their rights respected—primarily their privacy. The way they choose to ensure that their rights are respected often gets muddied in a pit of firearms and Molotov cocktails. But, at the end of the day, they're not at the ninth hole, drinking Martinis and writing checks.

The American rightist is embodied by Rand Paul. In opposition, by name only, is the modern American mainstream leftist.

The breed that sits at the ninth hole, drinking and writing checks ... that breed in the middle occupies most of the space, and as they do, they collect most of the power. They are the mainstream. Modern American mainstream liberalism/conservatism (same thing, save an abortion here, a gay marriage there) equals, for the time being, power. If said breed wants to exercise that power, he or she can, en masse, elect the congressperson that represents that power.

What is, or rather *was,* power, as per our mainstreamer?

Power is stability. It's the idea held dearly by both classic liberals and conservatives that nothing will change. Oh, perhaps there will be some new rules and regulations, greeted with either cheer or gloom, but certainly nothing that's going to change one's day to the point where John is forced to carpool with Jane while Trotsky drives the electric car to the workers' plant.

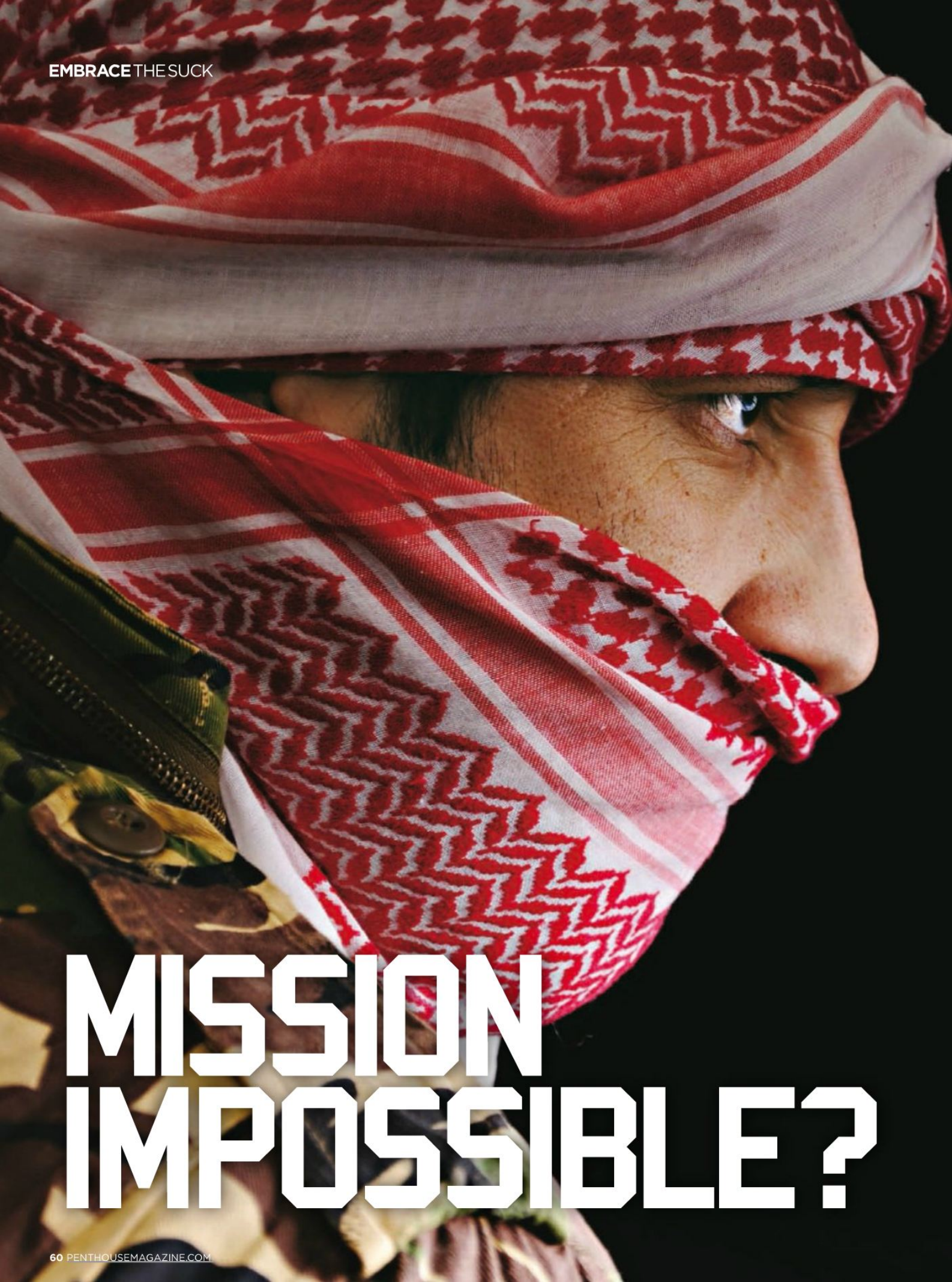
There is a problem, however. And it is strictly a millennial problem that will cast either sunshine or gray skies, depending on your point of view, over the rest of this century. Stability is boring. Stability leads to alcoholism, reality television, and divorce. Stability is only of value when it comes to foreign currency and high school romance. That's why the mainstream, the center, has always flirted with the fringe—but just flirted. Minor foreplay leading to an inappropriate comment (to one's political predilections) during a conversation or a pissed-off write-in vote at the city-council election, but really, again, just a flirtation. The hook on the bra nary comes close to being unhooked. And the fringe? They know this. And that is why the mainstream is slowly becoming passé.

These once political, then cultural, now again political ideas are slamming into one another in what can only be described as a clusterfuck. Why? Remember the fringe roommate you had in college? The one who went on and on about why it was unfair that marijuana and alcohol were treated differently and provided statistics to the effect that during a horrific traffic accident the children of the pothead stood a far lesser chance of flying through the windshield than the children of the three-drinks-a-day dad? His children grew up and got their MBAs. Hell, many of them who lacked the finances to get their MBA simply read up on all matters economic. Those fringe kids opened up clubs and dispensaries, and they made or they're about to make millions. They have lobbyists. They have money. And they're not the mainstream ... yet.

The greatest choice this generation has to make will be where to sit. Can they take their millions and guerrilla-ize the coffeehouse/bookstore/tattoo/gelato joint (which is now flush with weed) and still call themselves "conservative" or "anarchist" or "leftist"? Or will weed take the place of the Martini? And to whom will they be writing checks?

You see, this has *always* been the problem with the American dream. There *is* no American dream. There is the dream that there may be an American dream. But there's no dream. Don't look to the mainstream to make manifest this dream of a dream. Look to the fringe.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHIP SOMODEVILLA/GETTY IMAGES



MISSION IMPOSSIBLE?

THE NEXT TIME OUR COUNTRY LOOKS TO COMMIT OUR MILITARY TO A MISSION, LET'S ASK "IS IT WORTH IT?" BEFOREHAND, NOT AFTER. LET'S MAKE SURE OUR LEADERS DO THE SAME.

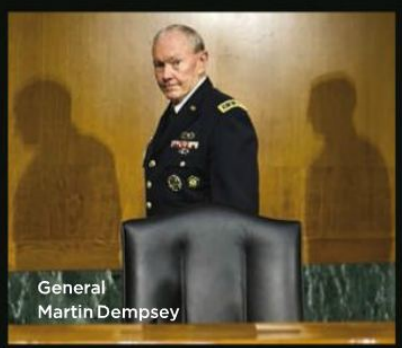
BY MATT GALLAGHER

As I sit down to write this column, it's been a week since ISIS—the barbaric, bastard sons of Al Qaeda, not the awesome-sauce spy organization from the cartoon *Archer*—seized the city of Ramadi in western Iraq. It's been about a year and a half since Ramadi's sister city of Fallujah fell to the same group of Sunni militants. And while, yeah, there are qualifiers (the Shia-dominated government in Baghdad probably brought this upon itself; it's really the local Sunni sheiks running Fallujah and Ramadi; the Iraqi Army didn't so much "lose" the cities as fled them), there's no denying the fact that enemies of the American way of life now control American holy ground.

General Martin Dempsey, chairman of the Joint Chiefs and an Iraq veteran himself, came under fire recently for dismissing Ramadi's importance during a Pentagon press conference. From a purely strategic perspective, he ain't wrong. Take it from someone who was stationed about 50 miles due east of it for 15 months. There's no giant oil refinery out that way, no vital trading port.

But the symbolic importance of the Anbar Province is a very real thing, and not just for the United States. Fallujah, with its two ground battles in 2004, was the site of the heaviest urban combat the U.S. military has been a part of since Vietnam. In late '06 and early '07, Ramadi and Fallujah were the nexus of what would become known as the Sunni reconciliation, the Iraqi part of the surge that saw a variety of influential tribes turn against Al Qaeda. A lot of blood was spilled on that sand. Those places matter because memories matter. Because history matters.

"Was it worth it?" People are asking that now, all-caps style, perhaps in that god-awful cable-newscaster voice that demands a neat, clean, sound-bite response. If my experience is indicative of my fellow Iraq veterans, we're expected to speak not only for ourselves, but for an entire community, effort, and generation. Here's the thing, though: Vets have different takes on things. We think differently. We vote differently. We make sweet, tender love differently. And yeah, we relate to our wars differently.



General Martin Dempsey

For some, ISIS controlling Ramadi and Fallujah equates to total and abject failure. I have a good friend who feels this way. He served during the invasion in '03 and the initial occupation, and it's a matter of moral righteousness to him. Iraq is not the country (let alone the thriving democracy) our political leaders said it would be when we went in. Thus, mission not accomplished.

Other vets are dejected over what's happening in the Middle East, but they compartmentalize their Iraq tours from whatever Iraq is now. I have another good friend who feels this way. He served during the surge, when victory (or something like it) was a matter of rebuilding infrastructure and making alliances with former insurgents. He often points out that an Iraqi civil war has been burgeoning for a long, long time, with and without American involvement. The place was stable when we withdrew, so why are we—as a military, a people, and a country—responsible for what's happening there now?

(Unsurprisingly, these two friends almost strangled each other while discussing matters of the world over beers. Alcohol, that delicious devil!)

Those are just two examples of the wide multitude of reactions in the vets' community right now. Some others think we needed to stay in Iraq for multiple generations, make it like a Middle Eastern Korea. Still others think the whole thing was ill-fated the minute we stayed past the first national election, that the very concept of armed humanitarianism or counterinsurgency or whatever you call it is a doomed one. It's a very personal thing, reconciling the hows and the whys of any war, and this one is proving no different.

That's why the "worth it" question, while an important one, often feels misguided and loaded when directed at the people who did the fighting instead of ordered the fighting. Was Iraq the just and noble cause those of us in the 9/11 generation thought we'd end up serving in, something akin to our grandfathers pushing back the onslaught of fascism? Hell to the no. But that doesn't negate the many profound sacrifices and acts of courage that have occurred in strange, dusty lands since that fateful day.

It's an old cliché that soldiers may join up for a cause, but when the time comes they fight for one another. That's an old cliché because it's true as fuck. I had deep misgivings about the Iraq invasion, because I was still in college at the time and had the space and privilege to do so. A few years later, my scout platoon and I had more insistent matters to tend to. Now, during the nights I stay up too late to watch too much news about war and chaos in the desert, it's my fellow soldiers I think of, and who I find comfort in. Their small moments of bravery, of selflessness, both for one another and for Iraqi civilians; that strange blend of ferocity and gentleness so imbued in grunt life. That we as a country are still capable of producing such young men and women is truly a wonder.

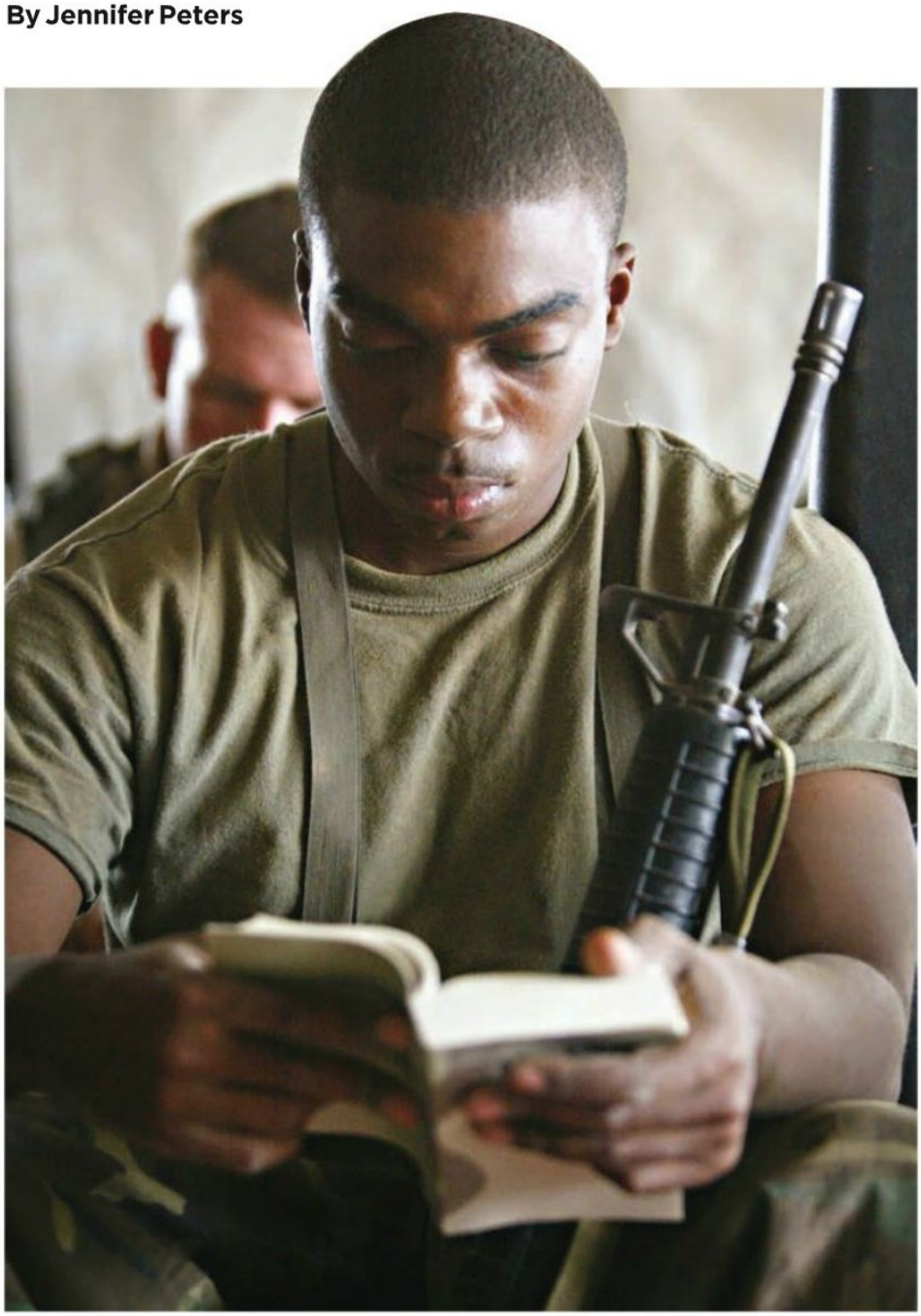
Next time around—and let's be real, "next time" is a matter of when, not if, unfortunate though that may be—let's make sure we all ask the "worth it" question. Let's all ask the "worth it" question beforehand, not after. Let's make sure our leaders do the same. Caring about these matters can be draining, and complex, and maddening, no doubt. But caring about these matters is also our duty, as thinking persons and citizens in a twenty-first-century republic.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP RIGHT) PABLO MARTINEZ MONSIVAIS/AP PHOTO

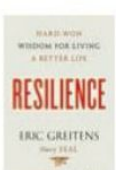
HIT THE BOOKS, SOLDIER!

Military leaders are writing books on how to be the best, the brightest, and the most badass, meaning there's no shortage of reading material that can educate you without putting you to sleep.

By Jennifer Peters



Being in the military can teach you many things—and we're not just talking about how to take on insurgents. Lucky for you, some of the best and brightest the American military has to offer have penned some great books about the lessons they've learned while serving. Now, you can pick up the same information from the comfort of your recliner. To help make your learning experience even easier, we've created a handy cheat sheet of a few of our favorites—and their most pertinent lessons—to get you started. These seven authors have compiled lifetimes of knowledge about how to succeed into easy, enthralling reads.



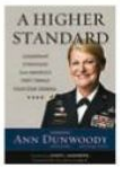
Resilience
Eric Greitens

Author's street cred: Not only is Greitens a Navy SEAL, a recipient of the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star, and a one-time U.S. Navy Reserve Officer of the Year, but he's also a former White House Fellow and a Rhodes scholar who got his PhD from Oxford.

What you'll learn: The book, which is based on letters Greitens wrote to a fellow SEAL who needed help, explains how to get through the muck and create a better life for yourself.

Key advice: "To work through pain is not to make it disappear, but to make it mean something different for us—to turn it into wisdom.... Some pain is good and necessary. A lot of people in the modern world tend to misunderstand this: They believe that the ideal life is the painless life."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS HONDROS/GETTY IMAGES

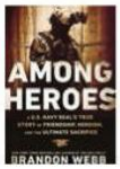


A Higher Standard
General Ann Dunwoody

Author's street cred: Dunwoody is the first—and so far only—female four-star general in the U.S. Army. You know who else was a four-star general? George S. Patton. Case closed.

What you'll learn: Dunwoody, who was Commanding General of Materiel Command (read: she was in charge of the Army's $60 billion operation and 69,000 employees), explains how you can be a better leader.

Key advice: "Be true to yourself. Even though I was joining a man's Army, [Dunwoody's mentor, Vietnam veteran] Sergeant [First Class Wendell] Bowen made it clear that women could be themselves as they integrated into military life. We did not have to act like a macho man to be successful.... We did not have to curse, pound a dozen Pabst Blue Ribbons, or spit tobacco to show we belonged. We just had to be professional and meet or exceed the standard."

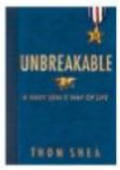


Among Heroes
Brandon Webb (with John David Mann)

Author's street cred: Webb is a former Navy SEAL and course manager for the elite SEAL Sniper Course. He's also the founder and editor-in-chief of SOFREP.com, a news site focused on military and security issues.

What you'll learn: It's not strictly instructional, but if these profiles of heroic post-9/11 service members don't make you want to be a better man, we don't know what will.

Key advice: "I was already fiercely dedicated to excellence, always had been. By natural inclination I have a very low tolerance for bullshit, laziness, or mediocrity.... But just being around Matt [Axelson] and watching the way he held himself to the highest standard possible was pushing me to hold *myself* to an even higher standard. As much as our students looked up to us and took us as role models ... it worked the other way, too."



*Unbreakable**
Thom Shea

Author's street cred: During his 23-year career, Shea led a team of SEALs into Afghanistan, earned the Silver Star and the Bronze Star, and was the SEALs' principal leader of research and development.

What you'll learn: How to suck it up, get through the pain, and overcome obstacles—and Shea will make you *want* to overcome obstacles.

Key advice: "The *need* to be *needed* by a woman is paramount for the development of a man ... any man, really. Also, the *need* to be *needed* works between men in combat. We need each other, not just for combat, but also for the connection to each other. Embracing this understanding does not make a man soft. This is actually what sets successful men apart from failures. History is rife with accounts of successful men having things.... If you quit every time you feel pain, you'll never succeed at anything."


Greitens

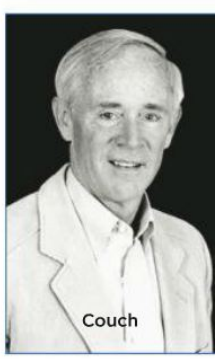

Dunwoody


Divine


Webb


Roy


Shea


Couch

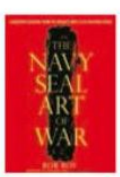


The Way of the SEAL
Mark Divine (with Allyson Edelhertz Machate)

Author's street cred: Navy SEAL commander Divine served for 20 years and now runs SEALFIT, a high-intensity fitness program based on SEAL training techniques.

What you'll learn: Divine's best-selling book explains how you can think like a Navy SEAL to achieve more. If you've ever slacked off in your life, this book will straighten you out fast.

Key advice: "Certainty is a powerful energetic force essential for breaking inertia and developing momentum. The seed of certainty is found in commitment.... You can't partly commit or potentially commit. When you deliver a powerful 'Yes, I've got this!' you inject a positive intent and energy into a project that is palpable."



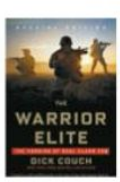
The Navy SEAL Art of War
Rob Roy

Author's street cred: After serving 20 years as a Navy SEAL, including time on the legendary SEAL Team Six, Roy started SOT-G, a leadership course that uses combat training to teach executives how to kick ass.

What you'll learn: Roy uses his SEAL training and military-themed subjects to help you learn how to perform better under pressure.

Key advice: "The bottom line is this: If you're hurting or sore and you pull yourself out of the fight—whether it's physical or mental, a battlefield or a boardroom—you're making yourself a quitter. If you're truly *injured* and you have to leave the arena, you're someone who went down fighting.

"Remember, being injured and being hurt are two distinctly different a strong woman; it's equally rife with failures having no woman to *need*."



The Warrior Elite
Dick Couch

Author's street cred: This graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and SEAL led one of the only successful POW rescue operations in the Vietnam War before joining the CIA. We can't think of anyone more qualified to show you how it's done.

What you'll learn: Couch's book follows SEAL Class 228 through training. Once you see what it takes to make a SEAL, you shouldn't have any problem sucking it up in your daily life.

Key advice: From Rear Admiral Eric Olson's guidelines for a SEAL officer: "Realize that what you do and what you tolerate in your presence demonstrate your standards far more than what you say."

* The new edition of *Unbreakable* will be available in late October.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) JENNIFER GRAYLOCK/GETTY IMAGES, ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES, COURTESY OF SEALFIT, COURTESY OF BRANDON WEBB, GREG CROWDER, NO CREDIT, NANCY HOLLENBECK







PRETTY YOUNG THING

Jenna Reid is one of the freshest faces in adult entertainment, but don't let her cute, girl-next-door looks fool you. This ingenue has no problem getting down and dirty for your viewing pleasure.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire



"I'm new to the adult industry, but I'm loving it. My first scene was superexciting and nerve-wracking, then very intense as I got more into it."






CHS







"The most amazing real-life sexual experience I've had was at my old high school. My boyfriend took me up to the roof, where he had candles and a blanket set up."


"I consider bondage and being tied up kinky, but I also really get into it. My biggest fetishes are choking and spanking."

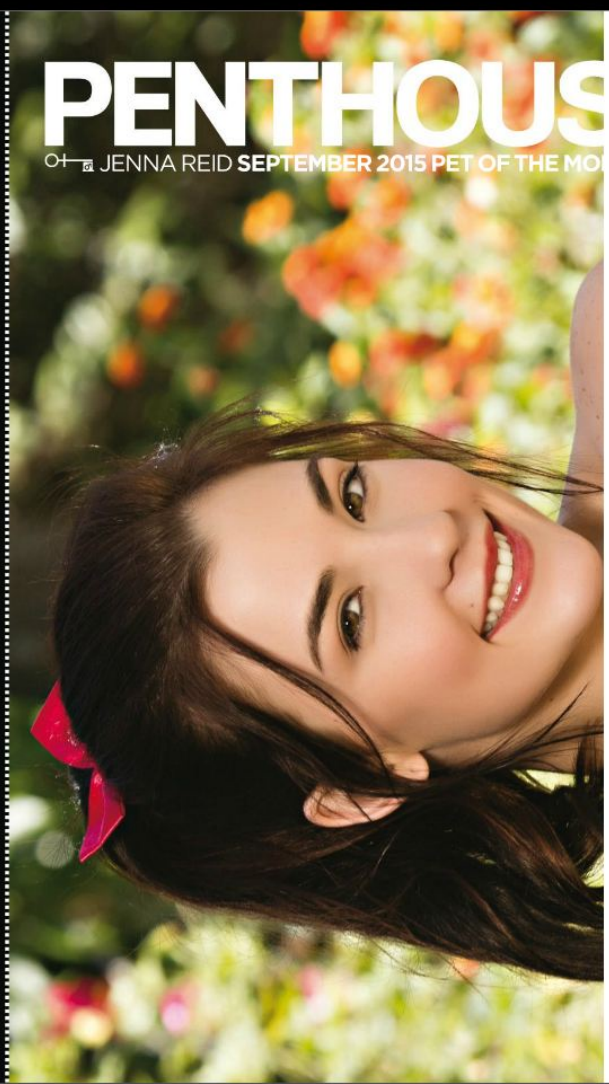




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"My favorite fantasy is someone surprising me with a bondage-and-discipline scene. Like a kidnapping roleplay session."

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CENTERFOLD JENNA REID SEPTEMBER 2015 PET OF THE MONTH



Vital stats:
34-26-32; 5'7"
18 years old

Hometown:
Saint Petersburg, Florida.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
The city is filled with art, and I adore how close I live to the beach.

Your favorite food:
Fried ice cream, fruit.

Your favorite drink:
Cream soda.

Your favorite kind of music:
Piano, classical, rap, and rock.

Your favorite movies:
American Beauty and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

Your favorite sports:
Swimming, football ... does ballet count?

What do you do for a living?
Adult entertainment.

What's your favorite thing about your job?
I love the different roles I get to play.

If you could have any other job, what would it be?
I'd be a veterinarian and open a pit bull–rescue center.

You're always up for:
Going to a rave or to a nature preserve.

You're never up for:
Being second choice.

Call my sexy friends!
1-800-SEXY-PET
♡♡XOXO♡♡

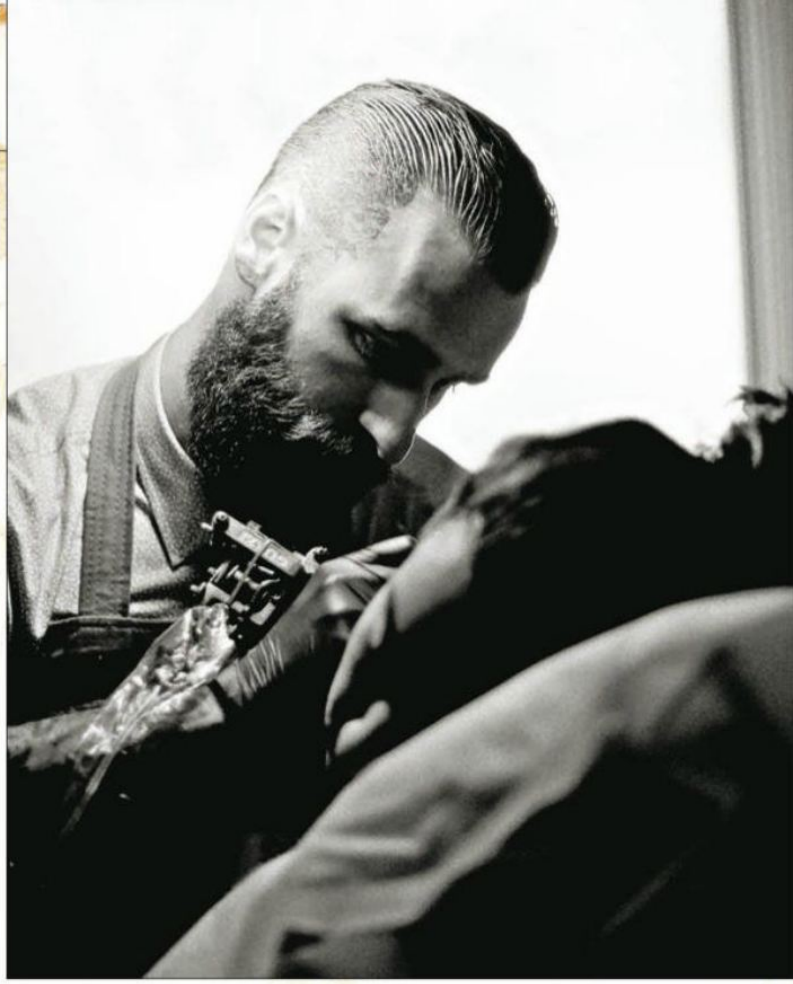
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Dan Smith Presents

BACK IN A FLASH



Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.

Artist: Griffen Gurzi
Tattooing for: Four years
Find him at: Captured Tattoo in Tustin, California
Instagram: @griffengurzi
Email: griffen@capturedtattoo.com







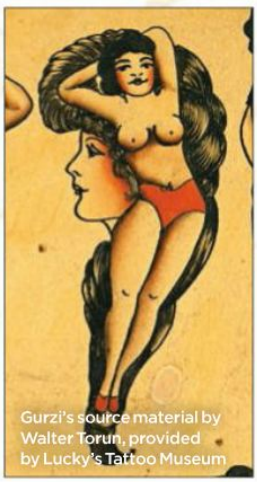
What's your earliest memory of seeing a tattoo?
From a very young age, I remember seeing the tattoo on my grandfather's upper arm of his nickname, "Bud," which he hand-poked himself when he was just a kid. My great-grandfather had a tattoo on his forearm that I remember vividly. I think he got it while he was in the service, but I never could tell what it was. It was basically a black blob. But there was something about those tattoos that I always found appealing. I liked that they weren't pretty and bright. They were old and came with a story about a rusty motorcycle or a classic song. Those tattoos held the feel of a different time, and they were brandings of the past that maintained a bit of mystery.

What made you decide to pursue the craft of tattooing?
I started to get tattoos of my own at 18, and the craft became extremely alluring, especially as I had no interest in school. I familiarized myself with local artists, went to conventions, and watched people who were putting their spin on classic designs. I quickly realized that tattooing was something I needed to pursue.

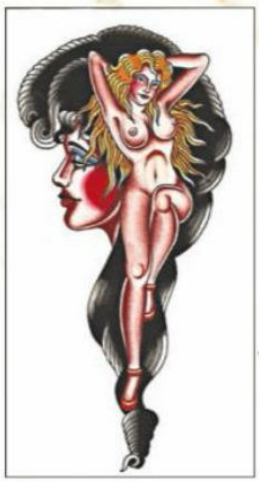
Did you do an apprenticeship? What kind of tattoos did you first start doing?
I started working as a shop helper at American Vintage Tattoo in Orange, California. After a couple of months there, it turned into a working apprenticeship. I started out doing traditional tattoos that were palm- to hand-size designs. Most of the people who worked there specialized in traditional, and around that time it was my main focus.

Your style is very unique, especially for someone as young as 24. Do you think original style is important? How much of your style would you say is influenced by the early traditions of tattooing?
I think style is very important to have, now more than ever with the growing popularity of tattoos. I feel like an artist's style is what draws you toward their work. As an artist, that's also what is going to set you apart from others. It's something that I always keep in mind and try to improve upon, because even if you have a good, unique approach to every tattoo, if your personal style is lacking, then there will be a negative impact on your work. I'm conscious of the early traditions of tattooing in everything I do. Those are the fundamentals of what makes a lasting tattoo. I keep in mind the things that early traditions taught me, whether it's a strong outline or the proper amount of black. The goal is to always create a strong image on the skin that will withstand the test of time.

You were born and raised in Southern California. Did growing up there influence your style at all?
It definitely did. In California there are tattoos everywhere you look and a shop on every corner. It's impossible not to be exposed to it at a young age. I grew up with skating, surfing, and punk rock,



Gurzi's source material by Walter Torun, provided by Lucky's Tattoo Museum









which Southern California is known for. Music events, beaches, and skate parks will lead you to tattoos in one way or another, and I saw a lot of great work coming out of local shops.

What spoke to you about the Walter Torun design you chose for this project? I thought it was a perfect match for you, as it was quite a unique design from that era, and your tattoos have their own style, too. Were you a fan of his work?

I wasn't too familiar with Walter Torun's work until recently, but I really loved the way that the two subjects were integrated. This style of creative art inspires a lot of the designs I draw in my free time for tattoos or paintings. Being able to be creative and create unique subject matter like that is a freedom you have in tattooing.

How important was remembering the original design for this project?

I added my own style, but I didn't want to stray too far from the original. To be able to continue to reproduce these classic designs is a great way to honor the tattooers before us. These designs have no use-by date for a reason. They are timeless classics and will always have a place in modern tattooing.

Would you say you're heavily influenced by older tattooers or by more modern artists?

As much as I'm influenced by tattooers of the past, I'm just as influenced by all the great artists of today. I love to challenge myself and include details not provided from an old design, and I try my best to keep up with the fast pace of the current tattoo scene. You can easily get a good look into the different styles people are doing, thanks to the internet. Being exposed to that has influenced me a lot.

What makes you appreciate what you do? Are there things about modern tattooing that you're not fond of?

I get to draw on people for a living! I couldn't image a better career for myself. I get to be creative and constantly challenge myself, creating something with my hands to continue a great tradition. People trust me to put something permanent on them, and I'm truly grateful to be doing it. I think in some ways current exposure could be a negative thing, but overall it's really pushed modern tattooing. I think that's a good thing.

Why is tattoo flash so timeless and appealing to people? Do you think the magic of painting and trading flash could get lost in the modern age of tattooing?

I'm sure the appeal is different for everyone, varying from some having something so meaningful permanently marked on them to others having a piece of flash off the wall that just looks awesome. There will always be a place for painting tattoo flash, and I think both artists and collectors will always want to be a part of keeping that magic alive.

What were you conscious of when approaching this project? Did you change anything? Did you think any aspects of the design were lacking in any way?

I wanted what I painted to still be recognizable as being inspired by the image it came from, although I changed it up so that it reflected my personal style. I don't think the design necessarily lacked anything because it would be a great tattoo the way it is, but I wanted to show how classic designs can be worked into something more modern and hold the same strong look. Pinups are always a bit of a challenge, as the faces are often so small, and that's why the original was simplified. I knew I could add a bit more if I tattooed it in an appropriate size, so the final tattoo was around 12 inches by 5 inches.

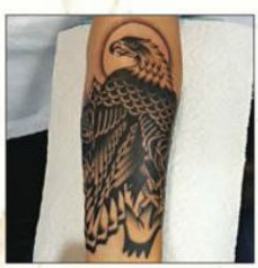
You joined the team at Captured about a year and a half ago, and I think you've really progressed during this time. Do you have personal goals for what you'd like to do with your tattooing?

I'm just excited to continue to learn and progress. I really enjoy trying new things and breaking out of my comfort zone. Traditional tattooing has been my focus, but I've always had a goal to be an extremely well-rounded tattooer. I want to be able to do anything and do it well.











ORIGINAL FLASH COURTESY OF LUCKY'S TATTOO MUSEUM

THE GREAT HOT NORTH

Montreal draws millions of American tourists for its Formula 1 racing, Canadiens hockey, festivals, conventions, and other attractions, but also for its countless strip clubs, massage parlors, and escort agencies.

By Bill Williams



At one particularly boring moment during a speech by Iceland's president at the International Economic Forum for the Americas, which meets in Montreal each year, a New York investment banker seated near the back leaned over and lowered his voice. "So where are the good strip joints around here?" the guy—let's call him Kevin—asked a local journalist.

It's a question Montreal men inevitably get from male visitors from the States, many of whom take advantage of the city's vast network of full-contact strip clubs, massage parlors, and escort services. Kevin, who came primarily to attend a side meeting at the economic gathering, had a good reason to be in Montreal. However, it was also clear that he had no intention of flying home immediately afterward, and would stay at least one extra night.

The profusion of sex workers in Montreal has kept rates far below those in major U.S. and Canadian cities, arguably making Montreal North America's sex capital. Full-contact lap dances are widely available for just $10, and a high-class outcall escort can be had for between $160 and $180 (USD) per hour. Also, Montreal strippers and other sex workers tend to be younger than their U.S. counterparts because the drinking age in Quebec is just 18, so they can both go to and work in bars at that age.

During the past year, several trends have combined to make the city an increasingly attractive destination for Americans, particularly men who want to party. These include a stronger greenback, which has gained considerable ground since its July 2011 low against the loonie, and makes the costs of Canadian travel cheaper; and increased U.S. job creation and a rebounding economy.

However, new antiprostitution legislation is threatening to end the good times. According to the previously existing law, prostitution is legal in Canada, but activities surrounding it, such as pimping, are not. The new law, which took effect in January, broadened the restrictions by targeting clients as well as sex workers. If vigorously enforced, and if the legislation stands up in court (two big ifs), it could push the industry underground.

The sources of Montreal's reputation as a sexy destination are hard to trace. They date back to at least the Prohibition era, when the city, led by Sam Bronfman, founder of the Seagrams whiskey empire, was a major producer of booze destined for the U.S. market. This in turn attracted criminal elements that branched out into prostitution.

"In Montreal, you can order a girl like a pizza," a worker at the Mobilis Project, an outreach group that works with street gangs and prostitutes, told a local newspaper in 2013. Her complaint is probably the best description of how things work, and inadvertently explains the ease and appeal of the practice: "Whether you want her tall, blonde, thin, with breast size B or C—a half hour later, the girl is delivered to you." The city's booming prostitution industry is generously populated by outcall agencies with names such as Sexy4u, WildTime Escorts, and Douce Folie, whose websites openly advertise their services. In late 2014, the escort section of Annonce123, a local advertising site, featured more than 50,000 posts of women and agencies promoting their services.

The Montreal Escort Review Board (MERB)—which recently shifted its site offshore to protect itself against provisions in the new law, as it forbids the advertising of prostitution-related services—boasts 66,000 members. Every month, detailed reviews are posted regarding the looks, service, and attitudes of more than 100 of the innumerable new escorts who enter the trade each month. Special ire is heaped on bait-and-switch agencies that post fake photos and deliver far more humble-looking escorts.

Many of the site's most hard-core posters are American professionals, mostly from East Coast cities like New York, Boston, and Miami, who combine their "hobbying" (as they call their escort visits) with business or tourism. Common discussion topics go far beyond their fooling around to include currency fluctuations, how to deal with border agents, and which girls speak English—a highly prized skill in a trade dominated by French-Canadian women.

"Montreal girls are the sexiest in the world," says Peter Sergakis, president of the Union of Bar Owners of Quebec. And Sergakis, who has been greeting American clients at his 40 local clubs and restaurants for more than three decades, should know. He recently completed a $1 million renovation of Cabaret Les Amazones, a strip joint he's owned for nearly 35 years that features $10 contact dances. He tells us, "We get over 50 girls here on weekends, and clients can't get enough of them."

Yet while Sergakis's comments about Montreal women are common, precisely what makes them so sexy compared to, say, those in other major hot spots, is hard to define. The main attraction of Montreal girls likely boils down to balance. While stereotypical Manhattan and Paris girls are more affluent and thus can spend more on clothes, cosmetic surgery, and beauty products, their looks and status often come with an attitude that can make them threatening to ordinary Joes.

On the other hand, the raw sexuality of Brazilian women (another useful stereotype), like that of women from many poorer Latin American countries, can be dampened somewhat by their lower income and education levels. Montreal women strike a happy balance. "They have it all," says Sergakis. "But most important, they are friendly and open to meeting people. Our clients love that."

While stories about demand for sophisticated "courtesans" to take to social events are probably exaggerated, judging from MERB postings, anecdotal evidence indicates that the education level of Montreal escorts is increasing. For example, the late Nelly Arcan, Canada's most important feminist writer since the turn of the century, famously worked as a call girl in Montreal while pursuing her undergraduate and later graduate studies. Arcan drew on these experiences when writing *Whore,* a novel that garnered widespread acclaim in the French-speaking world. "Sex is no longer a taboo, but a collective obsession," she wrote. "A consumer society demands that we deprive ourselves of nothing and that includes orgasms."

Quebec public officials are in a tough position when it comes to the city's sex scene. According to a Tourisme Montréal spokeswoman, the city is a popular LGBT destination, and has long been known for its welcoming environment. However, while the tourism board started marketing to the LGBT community in the mid-1990s, it has done no research into whether the city's sex industry influences travel decisions to Montreal.

Part of the reason relates to the fact that sex tourism is often associated with trafficking and underage prosti-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANITA DELIMONT/GETTY IMAGES



The profusion of sex workers in Montreal has kept rates far below those in major U.S. and Canadian cities. Full-contact lap dances are widely available for just $10, and a high-class outcall escort can be had for between $160 and $180 (USD) per hour.

tution, neither of which appear to be major factors on the Montreal scene. For example, a quick perusal of comments on the MERB archives shows plenty of discussion about media stories related to such practices, but there are no reports of actual sightings either, leaving the clear impression that the subject has been sensationalized.

In fact, industry stakeholders often complain that media reports about the city's sex trade have been so slanted that many are reluctant to speak on the record, particularly in light of the new legislation. It should therefore not be surprising that comments by public officials are generally limited to condemnations of the industry.

Despite the severity of the new antiprostitution legislation, its potential effects on the ground in Quebec are unclear. Relaxed attitudes among Quebecers are in large part responsible for the fact that even provisions of the weak, recently struck-down antiprostitution legislation were rarely enforced.

The late Pierre Elliot Trudeau, Canada's Montreal-born former prime minister, spoke for many Quebecers when he famously stated that "there is no place for the state in the bedrooms of the nation." These remarks carry added significance, as Trudeau's son Justin heads the Liberal Party of Canada. The looming election will put the longer-term future of the new antiprostitution legislation in doubt.

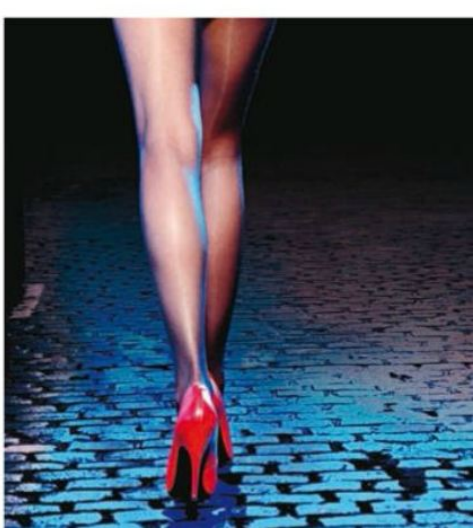
Furthermore, even if implemented, the new laws can be easily circumvented. For example, Montreal outcall agencies could restrict their advertisements to "companionship services," adding a footnote that says their escorts do not provide illegal services. This would enable the agency to wash its hands of whatever occurs during the meeting.

Of course, given the continued strict regulatory environment in the United States, even with the new legislation in place, Montreal is unlikely to lose much ground as a sex capital. If the city's escort and massage-parlor industries come under heavy attack, its workers will simply begin to drift back into its 30 or so strip joints, which have been losing ground to racier services in recent years. If that happens, Sergakis's million-dollar investment into Les Amazones could prove to be a timely move.









PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP LEFT) PIETRO CANALI/GRAND TOUR/CORBIS









STRIP CLUBS

Café Cleopatra

514-871-8065

CleopatraMontreal.com

This long-time haunt is located on the "main," which historically bisected the city into its French and English quarters (though that distinction has since faded). It's a Montreal institution famous for its cheap entry fees (basically a tip to the doorman), $10 full-contact dances, and friendly dancers. But be aware that the second floor is drag-queen territory. The area used to host a red-light district, which has faded considerably in recent years, as escorts migrated to online agencies.

Chez Parée

514-866-0495

ChezParee.ca

Located in the middle of the busy shopping district, Chez Parée has long been known as one of the city's most exclusive clubs, and the one most frequented by businessmen, professional athletes, and celebrities when they are in town. The girls are hotter, pricier, and have more attitude than in most Montreal strip joints. Bleach-blonde hair and silicone armor are common. Dances are $15.

Cabaret Les Amazones

514-484-8695

CabaretLesAmazones.com

This working-class strip club is located in Montreal's western half, in an industrial zone surrounded by motels, making it a favorite haunt of truck drivers, blue-collar folk, and business travelers. The girls, who are particularly numerous on weekends, are also working-class, mostly French speaking, and extremely friendly. Prices are cheap ($10 per dance and a $3 cover charge), which gives clients some of the best bang for their buck in town. After being temporarily closed for renovations, the club has reopened.

SHOPPING FOR A MASSAGE PARLOR

There are as many as 200 massage parlors in Montreal, according to one account, offering all kinds of sensual services. Tourists inevitably stumble upon those located near the downtown shopping district and near metro stations. However, there is a lot of turnover, due to the nature of the industry. Montreal Nuru Massage, Spa Isis, and Massage Adagio are among those that have been around the longest.

Clients tend to be more interested in a girl's looks than in the skill of her massage, so many parlors have websites where they post photos and descriptions. Clubs take a flat fee for the massage, after which the client negotiates any "extras" with the masseuse. That way these establishments can plead innocence as to what goes on behind closed doors.

Montreal Nuru Massage

514-641-8449

MontrealNuruMassage.com

Spa Isis

514-524-0606

SpaIsisMontreal.com

Massage Adagio

514-526-2345

MassageAdagio.com

THE ESCORT SCENE

Since "living off the avails of prostitution" is illegal in Montreal, bawdy houses tend to run under the radar. As a result, the Montreal escort scene is dominated by independent operators who advertise their services on local websites and outcall agencies, with the latter category offering by far the highest quality.

Take a little time to shop for the type of girl you want by reading up on the reviews.

Montreal Escort Review Board

MERB.ca

This offers reviews of escorts entering the industry and an excellent advertising section with information about which girls are available that night.

The Erotic Review

TheEroticReview.com

This review site, searchable by city, has different levels of information based on membership. A quick search, without paying to join, resulted in 1,652 listings for escorts in Montreal. Ponying up to join the site yields real reviews from hobbyists, with detailed information about services provided.

Annonce123

Annonce123.com

This is a French-language classified-advertising site in which independent escorts and some agencies promote their services. Many ads are questionable and use fake pictures, but the volume of ads is so large that those willing to take the time will find what they are looking for.

Montreal Backpage Escorts

Montreal.Backpage.com/FemaleEscorts/

This English-language advertising site, which is relatively new on the scene, provides a host of agency, massage-parlor, and independent-escort ads. Like much sex-industry advertising, it is buyer beware. Browse carefully and ask questions.

TIRED OF THE GIRLS? (YEAH, RIGHT.)

Formula 1 racing

Montreal's Grand Prix is part of the global 19-city Formula 1 circuit that's widely regarded as the pinnacle of international motor racing. The Grand Prix attracts a wealthy audience, many of whom follow the circuit through several cities and countries, and is a prime attraction for Americans who are unable to attend the U.S. leg, which will be held in Austin in October.

Skiing

Quebec boasts 70 ski hills, according to the local ski association, including Mont Tremblant, which may be one of the best resorts in eastern North America. The nearby casino attracts a particularly affluent clientele, many of whom fly directly into the local airport. Former Pittsburgh Penguins hockey great Mario Lemieux recently moved into his $20 million custom-built chalet there.

City of festivals

Montreal, which bills itself as the "city of festivals," crams a slew of events into its short summer season. These include the Just for Laughs comedy festival, the Montreal Jazz Festival, and the Montreal World Film Festival.

Montreal Canadiens hockey

With apologies to recent Stanley Cup winners Los Angeles and Chicago, Montreal is a hockey mecca. The Montreal Canadiens, who have won 24 Stanley Cup trophies, far more than any other team, draw considerable interest from American fans, many of whom travel up with their teams to see the games. According to one Montreal strip-joint doorman, the club calls in extra girls when the Boston Bruins or New York Rangers are in town.

GETTING THERE

Direct flights to Montreal's Pierre Elliott Trudeau Airport are available from most major U.S. cities, including New York, Boston, Miami, and Los Angeles. There you can catch an express bus or a cab that will take you straight downtown.

PHOTOGRAPHS (TOP TO BOTTOM) SUTTON IMAGES/CORBIS, KATHY DEWITT/ALAMY, BRAD TUCKMAN/GLOWIMAGES/CORBIS, LARRY LILAC/ALAMY



Bunny Tales

EACH MONTH WE'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF THE LOVELY LADIES OF THE BUNNY RANCH EMPIRE —AND REMEMBER, YOU *CAN* TOUCH THIS!

The world-famous Moonlite Bunny Ranch (BunnyRanch.com) is featured in the long-running, award-winning HBO reality-TV series *Cathouse,* and is the most successful legal brothel in the history of the planet.

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The Moonlite Bunny Ranch
69 Moonlight Road
Carson City NV 89706
775-246-9901
willow@bunnyranch.com

PROFILE

Age: 36
Height: 5'6"
Bra size: 34C
Home state: Oregon

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Eight years

"I saw something about the Bunny Ranch on television and was curious, so I applied for a job. I had done some exotic dancing, but nothing like this, so I was nervous when I got there. But things went well with my first client, and I thought, *I can do this.* I haven't really left since."

"Before coming to the Ranch, I'd never had sex with another woman, but I've found that I really enjoy it. I've actually had a lot of girls tell me that if they were ever going to have sex with another girl, they'd want it to be me. I think that's a pretty great compliment."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I love when couples come in to see me. They're always really cool. And it's so nice to see how much they really like each other. A lot of times I get to become friends with the women, and the guys are always so much more attentive when their partner is there."

"I think it's a little strange any time someone wants me to cause them pain to help them get off, but I'm also really intrigued by it. I love anyone who's open-minded, and it's always really interesting to learn what turns people on, even if it doesn't seem like it would work for me."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"A lot of the guys I see don't just want to have sex, they want to hang out. They want the full Girlfriend Experience. And I like to make people feel comfortable and relaxed, so the GFE is actually one of my favorites, too. I like to build a relationship with my clients. People come in all shapes and sizes, and they all like different things, so no two sessions are the same. To make sure I'm giving my clients the best experience, I like to take some time to get to know them. But once I do, I dive right into the sex!"

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"My wildest experience was a four-month party with five other girls. We would go to Vegas sometimes for a few nights, but mostly we were at this guy's house. We would have these big orgies, but then we'd do regular stuff, like go to concerts, go shopping, make dinner. It was so normal and so wild all at once!"

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"Sex isn't as complicated as people make it out to be. It's okay to have sex with a lot of different people. That's how you learn new things. But you should still always aim for quality over quantity. You should do what you enjoy, not just try to rack up a number."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY CONNOR





"I think all men should go down on their girlfriends or wives and make sure that they're happy. You can't go wrong by going down on a woman, and more men need to realize that."

PRIVATE LESSON

Russian model Maria Rya donned sheer lace for this special class on a woman's body. The leggy, five-foot-seven-inch 24-year-old is posed perfectly to showcase her lithe 33-21-31 frame, and her visual demonstration will begin as soon as you turn the page.

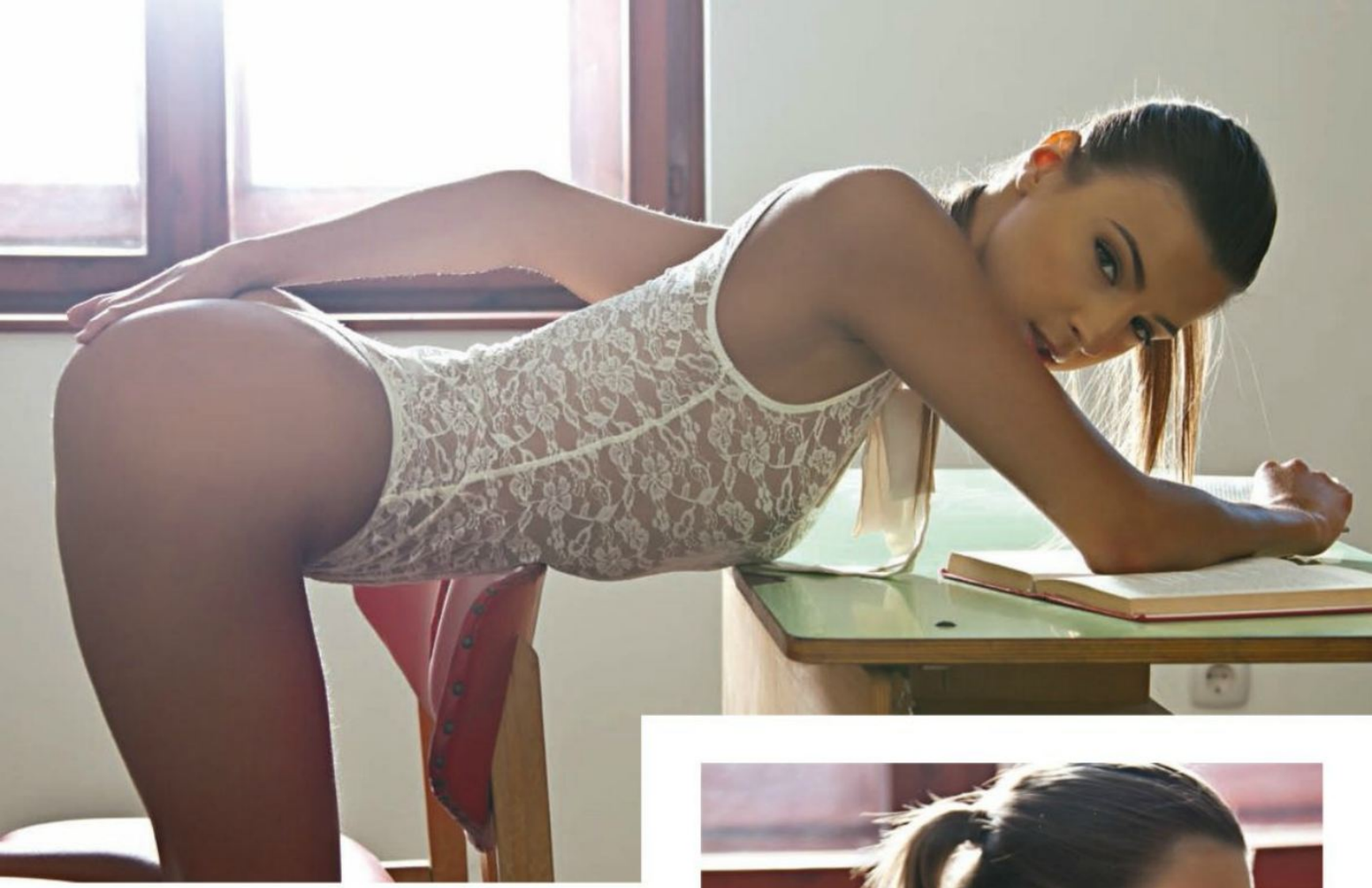
Photographs by Davide Esposito







"Playing student and teacher is a favorite sexual fantasy of mine, and it was a lot of fun bringing it to life. I really liked being the instructor!"













"The photographer made this shoot a lot of fun. The atmosphere was great, and Davide made it very easy and comfortable for me to show off."



"And I do like to show off. I have a thing about sex in public. I've made love in an airplane, a movie theater, an elevator, a train car...."













"I studied hotel management in college, so I learned a lot about many different cultures. Now I want to travel the world, so modeling is the perfect job for me."

SEE MORE OF MARIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



SAM PHILLIPS

28 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know

I wanted to do my part to help commemorate the Penthouse brand's 50th anniversary, so I figured it'd be cool to feature my 50-year-old self in this month's Pet Confidential. Yes, technically I was born in February 1966, but I'm 50 years old if you add my time served in the womb.

For the past nine months, I've been writing the introductions and shooting the photos for this column. It inspired me to secretly compile my own list of random facts, and I've been adding to it throughout.

I've also been saving cool behind-the-scenes photos from my *Penthouse* promotions, shoots, and red-carpet interviews; from my show *The Single Life* on Vivid Radio SiriusXM 791; and from various playdates with my Pet pals. I'm superexcited to put my list and pictures to good use.

In April's column featuring Shay Laren, I shared my Army-brat status, and back in December, in the Layla Sin feature, I confessed how much candy plays a part in my life (I eat it before bed, and play *Candy Crush* on my phone every morning while sitting on the toilet). Now you're about to discover 28 more things about me that you never knew.

If you like what you see, follow me on social media: Twitter.com/TheSingleLife; Instagram.com/samspajamaparty; Facebook.com/TheRealSamPhillips.

1. I hate water. I don't like to drink it. I don't like to bathe in it. I almost drowned twice: once when I was a kid at the beach, and once as a teenager modeling off the coast of Calabria, Italy.
2. I'm a vegetarian, but I'll cheat with bacon, bone marrow, and turkey skin.
3. I drive a Hummer, but I've never given a hummer in it.
4. I love shooting guns. I have a .22 Sig Sauer Mosquito, and I display my targets on my apartment windows as a deterrent against break-ins.
5. I've broken my right foot so many times that I can't wear high heels anymore. I have a steel plate and screws holding the fifth metatarsal together.
6. I don't own a dress. I borrow them from designers when I need them for swanky events.
7. I'm extremely allergic to latex, lobster, and Tide detergent.
8. I listen to my favorite songs over and over on repeat, both in my car and on my computer. My friends and family hate riding with me, for more than one reason (see No. 9).
9. One of my nicknames is Samdretti. My friends call me that because I drive any car like I'm race-car driver Mario Andretti.







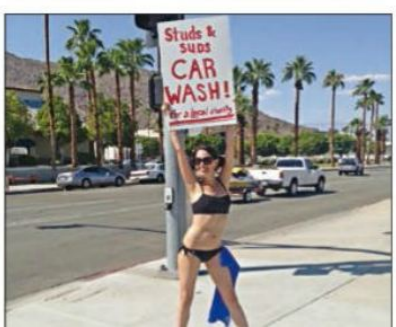












10. I don't work out, and I haven't in many years. I really like walking, though.
11. No one is allowed to wear shoes in my house. Leave them at the door, please.
12. I'm 30 percent deaf in my right ear, and have hearing loss in both ears due to infected tonsils that were eventually removed when I was young.
13. The first car I bought was a white 1966 Mustang hardtop with a blue-leather interior, and my Uncle Mike taught me how to drive it.
14. I sold a 1967 Cadillac DeVille convertible to Timothy Hutton for twice what I paid for it.
15. I always wake up in a good mood, but I must have coffee in the morning before I do anything else. I drink a lot of coffee. It's where I get all my fake energy.
16. I have a black rescue cat, Mr. Man. Seven years ago, a friend who's a fire captain saved his life, and delivered him to me in an animal trap strapped onto the back of his truck.
17. I make all guys sit to pee in my bathroom. One of my pet peeves is wiping dick dribble off the floor.
18. My favorite snack is toast with butter and grape jelly. When I was a homeless teen, a poor family took me in, and that's what we always ate. It is my go-to comfort food.
19. In a pinch, I can floss my teeth with my hair.
20. I was bullied as a kid, until I fought back in eighth grade and beat up my bully in homeroom. No one picked on me after that.
21. I have to sleep with a fan blowing on me on high and *Law & Order* reruns playing in the background. And I make my bed the minute I get out of it.

22. I started smoking cigarettes when I was ten, but I quit nine years ago, when I was 40.

23. I have a scar under my chin from falling off my blind dog when I was four. She was an Irish setter named Mac, and I was riding her like a horse when the doorbell spooked her.

24. My board game of choice is backgammon. And I bet I'll beat you.

25. I'm a celebrity poker player, and I play in many charity tournaments in Los Angeles. I'm currently a featured celebrity player on YouStake.com, where anyone in the world can have a piece of my action.

26. I'm addicted to putting stuff on my lips. I buy various types of lip crap all the time, but my ultimate favorite is Palmer's Cocoa Butter stick.

27. I've had 12 boob jobs, 11 of which were reconstructive. Finally—I got them right!

28. I literally saved the lives of several people on four different occasions, and to this day I don't know any of their names. When I was 11, I found a gay man who was stabbed on my street and helped him home. In 1981, I found a lady overdosing on a blanket at the Simon and Garfunkel concert in Central Park and carried her to an ambulance. In 1988, on my way to the *Phantasm II* set at 6:30 A.M., I came across four elderly Asians in a minivan smashed like an accordion in an intersection. I got neighbors to call 911 and I waited with them until help arrived. Then, after a shoot with the rapper Gerardo on Hollywood Boulevard in the late nineties, I came across a car that was on fire with a Hispanic couple inside. I helped pull the woman to safety. Crazy, right?



XOXO




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CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH

PLAY NICE

I'm starting my freshman year of college and I'm looking forward to all the potential hookups. But I've been hearing about schools cracking down on campus sexual assault by making strict rules about what counts as "consent." I would never force or pressure someone into sex. But I'm still worried about getting into trouble over some technicality. How can I be sure that sex is consensual?

There's a viral video on the web that says, "Sexual consent is just like offering someone a cup of tea." If you haven't seen it yet, go ahead and search for "tea and consent." The gist is that if you ask someone if they want tea, and they say no, you don't make it anyhow and force them to drink it. You don't pour the tea down their throat if they say yes, but then pass out. And so on.

It's a clever analogy, but I find it lacking in some important ways. First, it's easy to accept (that is, consent to) a cup of tea that you don't really want. Tea is a pretty insipid thing. Thinking back to times when I've been offered tea, I've almost always taken it just to be polite. (I drink coffee.) Not only have I said yes to tea I didn't want, but I've also taken it with milk because my host insisted that was the proper way. Whatever. No harm done.

But you can't be "whatever" about sex. People don't politely drop their drawers or hike up their skirts to let their host fuck them while making small talk at the kitchen table, then walk away thinking, "Huh, it's funny how he insisted on coming on my face. Oh, well, whatever."

The second thing that's wrong about comparing sexual consent to serving tea is that sex isn't something that one person serves and another consumes, and it really shouldn't be something that one gives and another takes. It's something people do together, actively. It is play.

I think it's better to compare sexual consent with playing a game. Pick any game you like—basketball, Stratego, 20 Questions—anything you can play one-on-one. To start a game, someone needs to consent to play with you. More often than not, someone will say no if they really don't want to play. It's possible to bully or badger someone into it, but you probably wouldn't do that, because that would spoil the fun. An unwilling player doesn't make for a good game.

Now think about how you would initiate a game with someone. Let's say you want to shoot hoops. Do you ask somebody, "Hey, you up for some hoops?" Or do you whip a basketball at their face and assume if they put up their hands to catch it, that means they want to play?

A game analogy also clears up any questions about consent when intoxicated. If you play a game with someone who's fucked up and you're sober, you have an unfair advantage, right? If you're both fucked up, then it's comparable to playing for money. You shouldn't, because at least one of you will feel regretful later.

Finally, let's say you're in the middle of a game and you say, "You know, I'm just not into this. Let's take a break and maybe get back to it later." Do you think it's okay for the other person to whine and beg, or get mad and threaten you to make you finish the game?

Anything that would be unsportsmanlike, or against the rules in a game, would be a no-go with sex.



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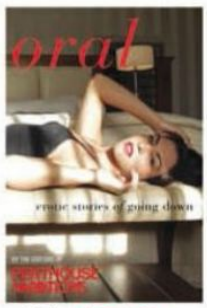
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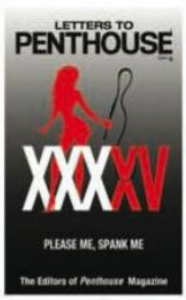
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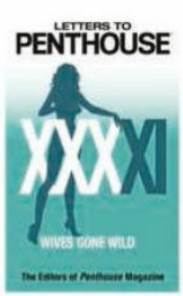
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ROUGH SEX: DEFINITION PLEASE

My girlfriend recently discovered that she's turned-on by rough sex, and she wants me to be rougher with her. I'm all for trying it out, but I don't know how rough to be or what to do. She has a hard time explaining what she wants, and it's frustrating for both of us. When someone "likes it rough," what does that usually mean?



"Rough sex" is a common turn-on, but one that's not easy to label or define. It's not exactly a fetish, but not quite vanilla, either. Rough sex can include many things—hard and fast penetration, being held down, being pushed or thrown, hair pulling, biting, scratching, name-calling, slapping, choking, and pretending to resist—but not necessarily all of them, and by varying degrees of intensity.

"Rough" can also describe an attitude or manner that's sharp, urgent, and unromantic. You could think of rough sex as the opposite of "making love." If your style is to make sweet love with your girlfriend, perhaps she's saying that, for a change, she wants it another way. As a lover, it's great to have the ability to be sensitive and skillful, but sometimes a woman just wants to get fucked.

Of course, it's possible that your girlfriend does have something in mind that she wants you to do, but she's embarrassed to say it. What's more, she may be afraid to name it because it's scary. Whatever it is, she's probably never done it before, and doesn't know if she'd like it in reality, or if it could hurt and traumatize her.

When it comes to experimenting with rough stuff, both partners often share the fear that it could go too far, and get too real. That's a justifiable concern. So when you're experimenting, treat it as a rehearsal, and don't put on the performance until you're ready. Ask her specifically, "Would you like me to try ___?" If she says yes, do it mildly at first, and then ask her for feedback: "Was it okay? Do you want me to do it again? Less or more?"

Giving and taking feedback consistently and openly helps to build trust. Then you can engage in trial and error without fear. You won't know what's okay unless you try—and some things you try won't be okay. The only way to be okay with that is if you trust each other.

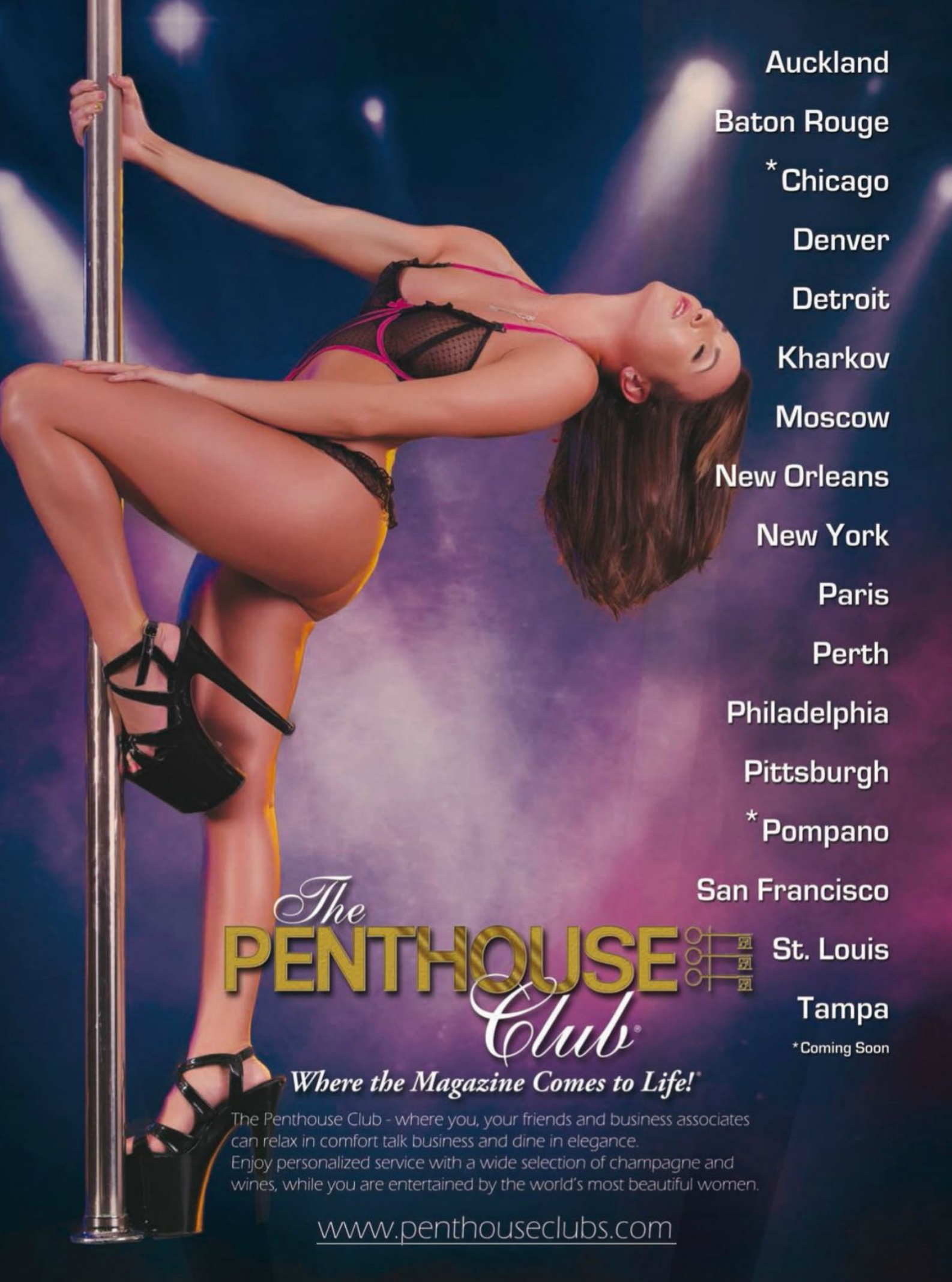
HACK YOUR SEX LIFE

Sex hacks are simple tips and tricks to make your sex life better and solve everyday sexual problems. Have a favorite sex hack you'd like to share? Email it to SexHacks@fnn.com, and your submission may appear in Sex Ed.

SEX HACK 7

When you want lube and don't have any, you can make your own—literally. Take a sip of orange juice and swish it around in your mouth. The citric acid in orange juice makes saliva thick and slippery, just like bottled sex lube. It's water-based and 100-percent natural.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT) BDLM/CULTURA/CORBIS


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Playing Rough

By Rachel Khona

When I started dating J, he was all sweet and innocent—sensitive, whispering sweet nothings in my ear, and waiting until we were safely ensconced in bed before he made a move. More often than not, something soft and romantic was playing in the background, like the Shins or some other sort of quiet indie rock. I loved the tender, intimate moments we shared. But I needed to mix it up. I needed him to just pound me.

"Babe, next time we have sex, I need you to do one thing," I said one morning over breakfast.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Just screw me," I replied. "No soft caresses, no acoustic rock. I want loud music, and I want you to just give it to me good."

Thankfully he obliged.

The next time we had sex, J was not gently pulling my skirt off and softly pushing the hair out of my eyes. Fleet Foxes was not playing. He didn't take 30 minutes warming me up. I had walked in after a long day when he pounced on me, ripped my clothes off, and carried me to his weight bench, where he turned me over and had his way with me. He screwed me like it was our last chance for sex before aliens descended on our planet and killed us all. It was all over in ten minutes, after which we collapsed in a sweaty, satisfied mess.

It's not so much that women like to be roughed up; it's the passion we're seeking. The insinuation in J's behavior was that I was so damn fine he had to have me right then and there. In other words, rough sex isn't necessarily that rough. I'm not suggesting you bring out the whips and chains and throw her on the floor (unless that's what you guys are into). Rough sex could just as easily be described as "passionate" sex. It's more about the unbridled desire that women find such a turn-on. You're basically telling us, "You are so sexy, and I want you so bad, that I have to do you right now."

In talking to my friends, I realized I wasn't alone. My friend Shana said of her husband, "I just want him to throw



Rachel Khona

me to the ground and tell me he wants to fuck me. I want him to want me. I want animalistic desire." Instead, she got sensitive kisses to the neck and light thumping on the regular. When a male stripper appeared at a friend's bachelorette party, she couldn't help but remark, "He just grinded on me harder than Tom has in three years." Yikes.

Men have been taught for years that women like lots of foreplay, soft caresses, candles, and rose petals. And while romance has its place, sweet, sensitive sex every time can start to feel like flaccid sex. Sometimes women want their men to be ... men. Instead of spending ten minutes caressing our shoulders while you're waiting for us to make the next move, just take control. There's nothing wrong with tender sex, but sometimes we just want to get laid. Stop wasting time whispering sweet nothings and touching our cheeks. Women want a man who can take control and be decisive, not just in life, but in bed, too. There's nothing hotter than a guy who is so revved up to screw you he can't hold back. We want our hair pulled. We want you to pin down our arms. We want our legs held behind our head. We want rough sex. Yes, even the feminists.

It's not just the act itself. It's the attitude of raw, primal lust behind it. In other words, you can't just pull her hair; you've got to act as though you relish doing it with the same fervor you have for polishing off a bowl of buffalo chicken wings. When I first suggested the idea of handcuffs to J, he agreed to try it. Unfortunately, his hesitancy and lack of passion using them ruined the mood. It was as though he was trying to figure out how to put together an IKEA desk. In theory, being restrained sounds wild and crazy, but without enthusiasm it's about as titillating as going to the dentist. On the flip side, a few nights later, when he was feeling especially randy, he had no problem taking charge. Picking me up while furiously kissing me, he threw me on the bed and pulled me forward by the ankles, resting them on his shoulders as he went to town. Had he asked for permission—"Buttercup, can you lie on your back and put your ankles on my shoulders?"—I likely would have dried up.

A note of caution: *Don't try this outside the bedroom.* Had J employed a similar attitude while shopping at Target, I would have slapped him. Unless he was trying to get frisky in the fitting room. But that's not the only no-no. First off, don't surprise her by entering her backdoor (unless you do that regularly, and she's okay with it). Second, she is still a woman and therefore probably more delicate than you. Don't slam her into a wall, floor, or bed with all your might like you're on the wrestling team. Chances are she's not built like Hulk Hogan. Sure, push her up against the wall, but think *sultry seduction,* not *Mike Tyson in the ring*. Besides these few precautions, you're pretty much free to do whatever you want. Remember: Women are attracted to men because you're different from us. Stop getting pedicures, put down that Dr. Phil book, and give it to us rough.

PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT) BY WALKER SIMS



DON'T SLAM HER INTO A WALL, FLOOR, OR BED WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT. SURE, PUSH HER UP AGAINST THE WALL, BUT THINK *SULTRY SEDUCTION,* NOT *MIKE TYSON IN THE RING*.

BIKINI A-GO-GO

It's back-to-school time for Melody and Mia, but first this luscious pair is taking one last opportunity to enjoy each other fully ... in every way imaginable.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens


































SEE MORE OF MELODY & MIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



As the Webcam Watched

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXXVIII: Down and Dirty Lust, *by Grand Central Publishing.*



I have been having the wildest sexual affair you could imagine. Mitch and I have done things together that truly would never have entered my mind prior to meeting him.

Mitch is a great guy, but he, like me, is married. We love exploring the sensual side of life. He has an incredible imagination, and I'm willing to do whatever he imagines.

I've also come to realize that I'm an exhibitionist. I love to be watched while I have sex.

One night we were in a beautiful hotel in Vermont, and we were on my computer. We've often watched each other masturbate using our webcams—I love watching Mitch stroke his thick cock.

That night we'd been shopping in an adult-toy store. Mitch had bought me an incredible new vibrator. It was purple, with a soft surface and little bumps all over. I couldn't wait to feel it sliding in and out of me.

The more I'd thought about Mitch fucking me with the new dildo, the hotter I'd gotten. By the time we were back at the hotel, I was ready to do anything he wanted.

The instant-message box on my computer opened; my best friend Carol was online. Mitch and I flirted with her. We told her about the new vibrator, and she kept asking questions like, "Is Mitch gonna fuck you with that hot thing?" and "Are you getting wet thinking about Mitch fucking you with your new toy?"

I typed back that Mitch was kissing my neck and making me really wet. Carol wrote that she was getting very warm in her own bed.

What I didn't know was that she was chatting with her boyfriend in another IM window, and was telling him all about our conversation. When she told me how hot she was getting, I asked if she wanted to see what was happening in our room, and she couldn't say yes fast enough. I let her view my webcam, and I could see the image she was watching.

Mitch, standing behind me, was still kissing my neck. As Carol watched, Mitch lowered my top and gently sucked each nipple. Carol typed that her nipples were as hard as little bullets. Remember, although I didn't know it, she was typing to her boyfriend everything Mitch and I were doing. Meanwhile, to us she typed that her pussy was dripping wet.

Mitch moved lower, and I repositioned the cam so Carol could see what both of us were doing. He removed my soaking panties and kissed his way up my thighs, nibbling and sucking my soft skin.

Then he moved up to my pussy and licked the lips. He gently sucked on one pussy lip, then moved to the other. His sucking felt like heaven with the heat of hell.

His tongue opened my pussy lips and he moved in between them. I positioned the cam so Carol could see Mitch suck my pussy lips into his mouth. He moved in close and sucked my clit. I came fast, but wanted more.

Carol typed that she needed to finger her pussy while she watched. She told us later that she really was fingering herself in between typing to us and to her boyfriend.

Mitch moved back and reached for the new toy. He wet it by rubbing it over my juicy pussy lips, and while I adjusted the webcam, he pushed it inside me. Once again I was on fire. I loved Carol seeing Mitch fuck me with my new toy. I wanted this to be one of the hottest things we had ever done, and I wanted her to see it all.

I loved feeling the little bumps of the toy sliding in and out of me. The feeling was beyond explanation. I felt my orgasm building. Knowing that Carol was about to see me come again was more than I could take, and I went over the edge screaming. Even as it was happening, I couldn't believe how hard I was coming.

Carol asked if that was it. I told her we had just started and asked if she wanted to see more. She said yes, she wanted to see Mitch's hard cock.

He stripped down, and I knelt in front of him. As I took his cock into my mouth, I moved the cam closer so Carol could see it slide in and out. I wanted her mouth to water thinking of me tasting that hot cock.

I licked all around the head. Precome oozed out. I drew my mouth away from his cockhead, and a string of pre-come joined my tongue to Mitch's cock. I loved sucking it and looking into the camera. Carol typed that she could see me licking Mitch's pre-come—and presumably she typed the same thing to her boyfriend.

Mitch moved me to the bed and





He pushed his cock into me and started to thrust. I love it when Mitch fucks me that way, and now Carol was watching him slam into me.

positioned the laptop on a footstool next to it. He lay me on the bed and stepped close, and again his cock entered my mouth.

While I sucked him, I could see the computer screen. Carol had typed, "Suck that cock, Bonnie, suck it." I did.

Mitch knelt between my legs. He licked and sucked his way up my thighs and reached for an erect nipple with his free hand, carefully avoiding blocking the cam. He moved in closer to my steaming pussy and licked the lips and gently sucked them. As he sucked, he moved his other hand to the entrance of my cunt. A thick finger entered me.

Carol typed that she was fingering her own pussy and wanted to feel Mitch's hot tongue on her clit, too. Oh, my God, it felt great getting finger-fucked and sucked, knowing Carol was watching and fingering her pussy. I loved how hot she was getting from watching me have sex.



As Mitch continued to suck my clit, I came, shooting hot girl-come all over his face. Carol typed that she saw me squirt all over Mitch's face and it made her come. She typed, "I can't stop coming."

Mitch picked up the new vibrator and pushed it into my cunt. He kept sucking my clit as the vibrator slid in and out of me. I screamed, "Oh, my God, Mitch, it feels fucking great! Don't stop!"

After I had another earth-shattering orgasm, Mitch moved up my body. He kissed and sucked on my nipples as he pushed his hard cock into my dripping cunt. I loved the feeling of the heat from his cock. The toy was great, but the real cock was incredible. He was also thicker than the toy, and it felt fabulous to have my pussy stretched. I loved feeling my cunt squeeze his cock. He fucked me slowly, letting the cam focus on his dick sliding in and out of my snatch.

Carol typed, "Go, girl, fuck that cock! Fuck him hard!"

Mitch picked up speed until he was slamming his cock into my cunt, and I screamed with each thrust. It felt amazing having that thick cock inside me. He was fucking the shit out of me, and she was watching.

Suddenly, Mitch stopped. He handed me the cam so I could hold it closer to my pussy while he fucked me. It felt that much better knowing Carol could see his cock up close, sliding in and out of me. Her next message was that her boyfriend was jacking off from what she was typing.

I was shocked to learn that she'd been typing to him about everything we were doing. She acknowledged that, yes, she had been telling him everything, but had stopped typing and called him. He'd told her he was throbbing-hard thinking about her watching her friends fuck. That's when he started giving her instructions to pass on to us.

Carol began to type the instructions. First, she told me to get on my hands and knees and suck the pussy juices off Mitch's cock.

I had him take his hot cock out of me, I got on my hands and knees, and he moved up to my face. I took his cock into my mouth and sucked him. I tasted my own pussy and come on his cock. It tasted wonderful, and I knew Carol was thinking about me sucking my own pussy juices.

Then Carol typed that she wanted Mitch to hold the cam close as he fucked me from behind. He moved behind me, pushed his cock in, and started to thrust. I love it when Mitch fucks me that way, and now Carol was watching him slam his cock into me. He slapped my ass, and I felt a wonderful stinging sensation. I loved it!

Carol typed that she was telling her boyfriend how Mitch was slapping my ass as he fucked me. She said both of them were about to come. She typed that she wanted to see Mitch shoot his come all over me—that I should flip over and let him come all over my face.

Mitch read this and pulled out. I flipped over onto my back, and he moved up to my head. While he stroked his cock, I reached up and cupped his balls. I was still so hot that I reached down and fingered my clit.

As Mitch started to come, so did I. He fired a huge shot of come over my cheeks and lips. The second shot hit my forehead and eyelid. I loved the feeling of his hot come hitting my skin and running down my cheeks. He kept coming, and then stuck his cock back into my mouth. I felt the last shot, and sucked down the rest of his load.

We collapsed laughing, thinking of the two people who had just witnessed our performance. I typed to Carol, "How did you like the show, and how many times did you come?"

She wrote back, "I came three times watching you, and my boyfriend came twice." She also typed that she had heard him come the second time while they talked on the phone.

I typed, "Let me call you," and she said okay. I called her and asked what she thought, and she said it was the hottest thing she'd ever seen. She said Mitch and I fucked like a couple of porn stars. She also said she thought I looked beautiful and in heat, and that she'd love to try sucking Mitch's cock.

I told her that it was never going to happen. We said good-night and signed off, happy and satisfied.

Who knows? Maybe next time Carol and her boyfriend will be right there in the room with us! We would love to watch them while they watch us, as long as she understands that she's not getting my Mitch. Watching will have to be good enough for her.—*Name and address withheld*



DATING IN THE DARK

Getting busy in the midst of unsuspecting diners allows these kinksters to revel in the dark side of public sex.

By Alison Tyler • Illustrations by C. Chua

I took my panties off with the appetizers. The silky black fabric whispered down my thighs to fall in a ripple on the floor. Not a head turned in my direction. No one let out a shocked gasp. This is because all the guests in the room were wearing blindfolds. Nearby, I heard Chester say, "At twelve o'clock, you'll find your peas."

People in search of romance come up with the most unusual ways to find love. Being set up by your buddies doesn't qualify as hip enough anymore. You must enter the online maze, or embark upon a champagne cruise, or sign up for a speed-dating service where you meet a possible new mate every 300 seconds.

"Six o'clock is mashed purple potatoes."

But even those high-intensity, ultra-amped-up situations can't compete with the latest scheme: dating in the dark. Strangers pay exorbitant fees to dine in total blackness, hoping to find that perfect someone, that love ever after, in a midnight-hued restaurant on the hipper side of town.

I don't judge.

I only serve.

"Nine o'clock is our famous buttermilk fried chicken."

I'm a waitress at a hot spot known for gourmet dinners served in an inky dining room. Everything in the room is black. The plates, the linens, the flatware, even the roses in the black vases. None of this attention to detail actually matters. The aesthetic is all smoke and mirrors, because as soon as the diners enter the restaurant, blindfolds are slipped into place. The guests are led to their tables. The waitstaff wears night-vision goggles. We provide

the delicious food. The rest—call it chemistry, the sparks of desire, flames of lust—is up to the participants.

Night-vision goggles offer a strange view of your clientele. People are drenched in a green glow, and with the added kink of the blindfolds, there is something otherworldly yet dungeon-esque about the diners. *Alien* meets *9½ Weeks*.

Each Friday and Saturday night, I set the meals before customers. I explain what is on the plates with additional directions most restaurants don't require: "In the very center of the plate, you'll find a delicious celery-root salad." The chef doesn't need to make the plates pretty, only easy to follow.

Every weekend, it's the same strangeness. At least, it was until tonight.

Tonight I took off my underwear with the appetizers. My panties—black, like every other item of my clothing—were made of fine silk and trimmed in lace. I'd chosen these ones specially, and they were already damp. I'd been wet since I'd first arrived at work. I left the panties in the corner, knowing that no one at my tables would be the wiser. I was still Stella, the waitress, handing over fresh cutlery, helping diners locate their wine glasses, mopping up the inevitable spills. Reminding the clientele where the bread basket lay. (Ten o'clock, in case you're wondering.)

Going commando under my skirt gave me a decadent thrill. I heard the breathy tone in my voice, although I didn't believe my customers would notice. They were too busy chasing wayward peas around their plates, trying to eat without making too much mess. Laughing at their own giddiness.

With the first course, I removed my skirt. A zip. A slip. The knee-length pencil skirt joined my panties in a puddle of black on black. Now I experienced a true shiver of lust, the type that starts at the base of your spine and flickers upward through every nerve ending. I had on my blouse, my bra, gossamer-light stockings and heels, but my pussy was exposed. Would anyone breathe me in? Could the aroma of my sensual scent compete with the gourmet courses?

The chefs cook in the upstairs kitchen. A runner brings the food to the antechamber. We make sure all the transactions take place in the dark. The only one who would notice what I was doing was Chester, and Chester was the reason I was undressing at work.

Chester was, in my opinion, a demigod. Tall with dark hair and eyes the color of the sky before snow, he exuded a vibe of powerful sexuality that rocked me to my core. He had a droll, sarcastic way of talking, as if he'd seen everything, and sometimes I thought he had. Chester favored extreme sports. He searched for the edge in every situation.

We'd kissed one time at a holiday function—mistletoe was involved, as well as the cheering of the kitchen staff. I was sheepish now that I hadn't acted on the initial attraction. There was flirtation, innuendo, but no moves in the bedroom direction.

Sometimes the two of us met for drinks at the bar down the street, telling tales of our diners, bonding over the bizarre quality of our jobs. I'd said I respected the customers' courage, going into the pit and speaking with strangers. He'd agreed, but said that working here had robbed him of a bit of his adventurous side as far as dating was concerned. What could compare? He occasionally met women in mundane manners. At the Laundromat. At the gym. But the situations never sparked his interest.

TWENTY DINERS IN CLOSE PROXIMITY WERE ENJOYING THEIR DESSERTS. I HAD TO BITE DOWN ON A MOAN.

"You're jaded," I'd teased him.

"And you aren't?"

Was he right? Maybe I was, too. I hadn't been out with anyone since my last relationship had imploded. And watching strangers try to feed themselves in the dark had definitely put a damper on my desire for romance.

Which is why I'd decided to get nude ... in the dark ... where only Chester would know.

So far, he hadn't cottoned on to what I was doing. He'd been faced away from me, or off to grab another course. He hadn't taken in my change in appearance.

With the second course, I removed my blouse. That's when Chester looked over at my section and figured out in a flash what was going on. There we were in the dark, both of us wearing night-vision goggles. I felt him watching me. I undid my bra. I was nearly nude now, and even though my heart was racing at triple speed, I was completely at ease with what I was doing.

"Miss? A fork?" I hurried to the table and handed over a fresh utensil.

"Miss? A moment?" That was Chester. I didn't move quite as quickly to his side. He grabbed my hand and pulled me to the antechamber.

"What the fuck, Stella?"

"You said you were tired of the mundane."

He was green and shimmery. And he smiled.

I returned to the dining room, assisting where I could, ignoring what I had to. Nobody would find watching people eat in the dark sexy once they'd seen them from my point of view. But I didn't focus on anything except the way Chester watched me. Whenever I moved, he clocked me with those goggles. Whenever I bent, he was right there, observing every motion. Then, to my delight, he did something I hadn't expected. The next time I looked in his direction I saw that he had no shirt on.

I paused, mid-pour, in refilling a customer's glass. Chester grinned at me and then he kicked off his shoes and took off his pants. His body was spectacular—I'd never had an opportunity to peruse his abs, to drink in his biceps. He was built for speed, and I felt myself growing ever more aroused as the dinner service continued. For the rest of the evening, he served in his boxers. I could see his erection straining against the black fabric.

I had just set out my last dessert place when he approached me once more.

"How quiet can you be?" he asked in a hushed tone.

"So quiet," I whispered back.

Chester pushed me up against the wall. I felt his cock pressing at me through the shiny fabric barrier. His cock drove the satin of his boxers against my naked pussy until my knees went weak. I took matters into my own hands and shoved his boxers



down. I felt myself relax when I held his cock in my hand. He was decidedly well-hung. Thank fucking god. In silence, I let my palm work him, slowly, teasing him with my fingers wrapped around his delicious girth. I used his pre-come as lube, slickening up the ride I gave him in my fist. Chester stared at me and shook his head. No time for foreplay now. He spread my nether lips wide and then he was in me, holding me up against the wall, his cock thrusting.

I recalled a fetish movie I'd seen where an audience surrounded a blindfolded vixen. This was the polar opposite. Twenty diners in close proximity were enjoying their desserts. Chester and I were getting our own, as well. He pinned my hands on either side of my head and rutted against me, and I had to bite down on a moan. We didn't want anyone to know what we were up to.

The pleasure filled me up. I'd been waiting for this for so long. Too long. I closed my eyes and basked in the sensation of being fucked by Chester. My pussy tightened around him. I moaned and then held totally still. What if someone noticed? What if someone heard?

Thankfully, the diners continued obliviously, and he and I moved onto our next course. Chester turned me around, so I was pressed against the smooth black wallpaper of the dining room. He tugged off my goggles and set them on the ground. I heard his follow. We were truly in the dark, totally naked, when he began to fuck me from behind.

I could not believe how turned-on I was. I felt as if I might set off the fire alarm overhead, my whole body tingling with electric shimmers. Chester got one hand in front of me and began to rub his knuckles up and down my split. I bit my bottom lip to keep from accidentally making noise again.

He pushed his hand firmly against my pussy. I rocked my hips forward, then ground them in a slow, sensuous circle. I could taste the pleasure, feel the heat lighting me up inside. I didn't need much more to get there. Chester seemed to understand.

"Miss?" a customer called out.

"Excuse me, sir?" another voice called.

Chester spiraled his fingertips against my clit. He was fucking me hard and fast, with the ease and silence of a well-oiled machine.

"Oh, miss!" one of the diners said in an annoyed tone.

Suddenly, Chester pinched my clit between his thumb and pointer. "I'm coming!" I said, and I meant it. The orgasm overwhelmed me, robbing me of my ability to speak, to breathe, to comprehend. I came in a flash on Chester's glorious cock, my pussy tightening and releasing again and again around his wicked girth.

He climaxed a second later, and stayed inside me. I could feel the rise and fall of his chest, could hear him struggling not to pant, not to let on what we were doing—how dirty and dangerous we were acting only feet away from our customers. In an effort to recover, we stood there for a moment, catching our breath, stunned by what we'd done.

"Be right with you," I said to the room, and I scooped up my clothes and headed to the antechamber to redress before darting into the ladies' room to wash my hands and check my reflection in light that wasn't watery green. I looked fulfilled and calm, even though my heart still raced and my cheeks were rose-tinted.

When I returned to the room, Chester handed me back my goggles. He was dressed once more, and utterly handsome—if slightly mussed—even in the night-vision glow. The diners seemed taken care of, satisfied with their experience. We were nearly to the moment of truth, the reveal when we would turn on the houselights and introduce the customers to one another without their blindfolds on.

"Ready?" Chester asked.

"Ready," I replied.

As he turned on the switch, Chester kissed me.

In light and in dark, it looked as if I'd finally found my match.







ICONIC IMAGERY

In 1988, world-renowned photographer Ken Marcus (who was the first American lensman to shoot for *Penthouse* magazine after it emigrated from the U.K.) was one of 11 photogs chosen to spend a month in the artists-in-residence program at Yosemite National Park. That was to be followed by a show at the prestigious Yosemite Art Museum featuring some of the work they produced. Marcus's inclusion of nude Hollywood models among the trees and streams shattered the conservative constraints of "nature photography," and eight of the ten nudes he submitted for the show were removed and replaced with his photos of decaying park buildings. A few years later, when *Penthouse* founder and publisher Bob Guccione learned about Marcus's work being censored, he published this portfolio of images of Tanya in November 1995, as proof that *Penthouse* readers always getthe whole picture.

Photographs by Ken Marcus



It should have been no surprise to park or museum officials that Marcus's interpretations of Yosemite's wonders extended to the very boundaries of creative endeavor—just as these images do.







Marcus said at the time, "The artists-in-residence were invited to give their interpretations of Yosemite. I gave mine, and it was censored.... My work showed the human form as part of nature in the park."







Marcus—who's been described as a disciple of Ansel Adams, arguably the greatest American photographer—continues to excite and inspire with both his nature and glamour photography. Even the National Park Service now agrees, as Marcus's nudes have become part of the museum's permanent collection.

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Kiss the Cook

My mother always told me the way to a guy's heart is through his stomach. My naughty, zany aunt took her advice even further, saying, "Always fill your man's stomach and empty his balls." And I guess they're onto something—feeding your man can lead to some loving.

After I'd been dating Jackson for a few weeks, I figured it was time to steam things up in the kitchen—and hopefully in the bedroom. Jackson's an old-fashioned Southern boy who vowed to treat his woman with respect and honor, which is why we had only made out a few times. I figured he must be suffering from blue balls, unless he was getting himself off as often as I was with my handy-dandy vibrator.

When Jackson called midweek to invite me to dinner and a movie on Saturday, I suggested he come to my place instead, telling him I'd enjoy cooking dinner for him.

When he arrived with a bouquet of red roses, I was wearing my "Kiss the Cook" apron. He immediately did just that, and he sure knows how to kiss. Then he stood behind me, wrapping himself around me and nipping at my neck, all while pressing his ever-growing boner against my ass as I sautéed shrimp in a butter and wine sauce. He was making *me* melt like butter in a hot pan, and I was glad when the shrimp was done so I could put it aside. Everything else was ready and would just need to be reheated if we took a break.

Jackson was clearly on the same page. He pulled me toward him aggressively and passionately kissed me. The heat turned up when he removed my apron and my shirt. His rugged hands roamed all over my body, then focused on my lace bra. Without a moment of hesitation, he unhooked it one-handed, all while furiously making out with me.

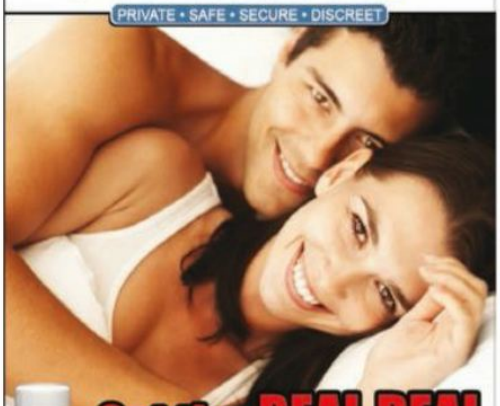
Jackson took it up a notch when

I wrapped my arms around him as he scooted me up onto the kitchen counter. He took aim and drilled my hungry pussy.

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he unzipped my tight, fuck-me jeans. After finding my matching lace panties, he pulled them down to reveal my trimmed and dripping pussy. I stood ready and willing as he whipped out his monstrous cock. Then he spread my legs apart while we leaned against the kitchen table and he drove his cock into me. Jackson pumped and stroked, with his meat expertly hitting all the winning spots.

I was on the edge of an explosion when the timer beeped, breaking our rhythm. Oops, I'd completely forgotten about the brownies in the oven. Jackson slowed down his thrusts and we reluctantly eased out of our dick/pussy fusion so I could turn off the timer, pull out the brownies, and get back to our main course.

My head was spinning by the time she reached into the nightstand. I glanced up at a hot-pink, extra-long dildo.

Jackson's boner was still at full attention. I wrapped my arms around him, kissing him wildly as he scooted me up onto the kitchen counter. He took aim and drilled my hungry pussy. The thrusts were again taking me close to the edge, but Jackson was such a tease. Whenever I cried that I was going to come, he would pull out, then restart the amazing ride.

"Jackson, please," I begged.

Finally he gave me what I wanted. With one last hard thrust, he took me to oblivion. I practically screamed in delight.



As I came off my high, he was still nearing his. He urgently pumped my wet, satisfied pussy, and I squeezed my muscles to milk his dick.

He growled, "Elena!" as he came inside me.

We eventually got around to sampling the food. "Thank you for cooking for me," Jackson said, nibbling my fingers.

"Once I take a shower, I have something else for you to eat," I said.

I guess my mother and aunt were right: Cooking for a man definitely leads to satisfaction.—*E.V., Michigan*

Girl Therapy

A week ago, I caught my husband of five years cheating on me. For months I'd suspected something was going on behind my back. My husband never really knew how or cared to find my hot spot, always leaving me unsatisfied. He shrugged off my complaints, saying I should just finish myself off. I tried to spice things up by bringing in sex toys, but he said that meant I thought something was wrong with his dick. Soon our mundane sex romps were even less frequent than our usual once-a-week routine.

Then I came home early from work because my last client of the day had canceled on me. I didn't bother to call my husband to inform him of my early return. When I opened our bedroom door my mouth fell open. I was shocked to see my husband giving it to some slut—hard and much more enthusiastically than he'd ever fucked me. Her tits bounced and his ass jiggled as they rode the sex wave.

"What the fuck?" I finally yelled.

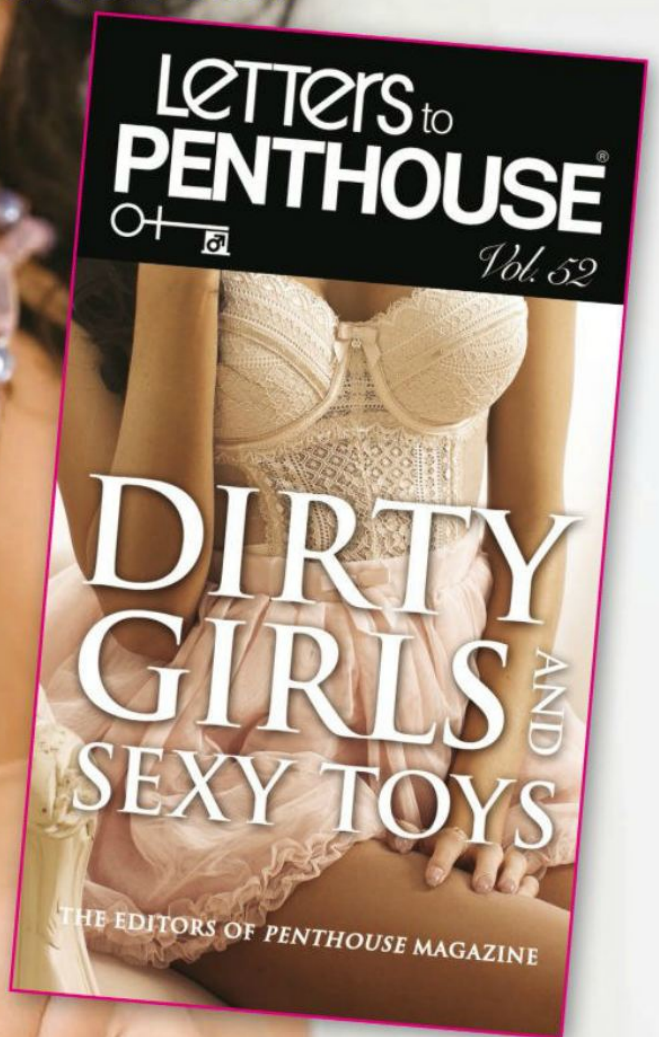
"Caitlin, it's not what it looks like," my husband said, rolling off the home-wrecker.

"Really? Because it looks like you're fucking that whore," I screamed and cried at the same time, then yelled at both of them, "Get out of my house. Go to hell!"

For a week I didn't tell anyone. My husband apologized, but we agreed that our marriage couldn't be repaired. I felt undesirable and rejected. Finally, I told my friend Stella, and she invited me to her place for dinner, telling me to bring a bottle of wine. She said we would have a therapy session, and promised me the night would not end in tears, but happiness.

When I arrived, Stella was wearing

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a red silky robe. I asked her if she needed some time to get dressed, but she said she just wanted to be casual. We opened a bottle of my favorite red wine while feasting on some delicious food Stella had cooked. I was weepy about my marriage's demise. Stella kept telling me that my husband was a dick and he didn't value a true woman. I divulged my innermost secrets and told her I'd even tried to bring sex toys into the bedroom.

Suddenly we were opening up to each other about our sexual fantasies. Stella admitted she'd always wanted to try a female fling. She said I was gorgeous and confessed that she'd masturbated to the thought of us hooking up. I giggled and laughed it off.

Then Stella said she wanted to show me her new comforter. I followed her into her bedroom, and before I could realize what was happening, Stella pushed me onto her bed. She softly brushed her lips on my neck, then grazed my lips. She was sending chills up and down my body.

Finding herself meeting my tacit approval, she became more aggressive and her tongue found mine. I was making out with my beautiful friend, surprised to realize that my pussy was throbbing and melting from the girlie action. My head was spinning by the time Stella reached into the drawer of her nightstand with one hand while fondling my wet pussy with the other. I glanced up at a hot-pink, extra-long dildo.

Stella removed my pants and moist panties, then drove the mock-cock into my waiting pussy. I relished the way she pumped and handled the dildo, and my pelvis gyrated in a sensual frenzy while she expertly drilled my hot spot. I yelped in delight as I came.

In the heat of passion, I tossed Stella onto her back. I ripped off her silky robe and found she was completely naked, proving she had planned this. I reached into her nightstand and found another dildo, and prepared to drill Stella's pussy until she cried for mercy.—*C.C., Tennessee*

Three Is More to Come

I've been banging one of my coworkers for a few months, with no strings attached. Usually I have a hard time



I pulled out of Amanda and slid into the roommate. It was amazing, screwing a hot chick who didn't even tell me her name.

believing a chick when she says she can separate a physical, hot-and-heavy sex connection from emotional attachment, because too many times my flavor of the month has come crying that I'm using her and I'm a heartless dick. Amanda is different. She tells me not to call her, text her, or even acknowledge her at work. Maybe she's hiding me from her boyfriend, but I could care less, as long as I get to release my sexual tension all over her tits or inside her mouth (she swallows).

Our hookups usually take place during our lunch hour. We take separate cars to her apartment so no one at work will suspect, since the company handbook states that we'll both be terminated if they can prove people in the same department are having any sexual relations. Sneaking out for nooners means we have to be fast and furious, which is fine with me.

Our routine had become an enjoyable ritual until one day, while I was sticking it to Amanda, we heard the front door open. Not one to break sync, I continued to drill Amanda's juicy box doggie-style. She moaned and groaned for me to keep going. As I drove my cock deeper inside her, I caught our naked bodies in the mirror, along with an unfamiliar girl taking in the scene. The look on her face was not shock, jealousy, or disgust. Her eyes looked intense, glued to our hot moves.

"I see you're having fun without me," the hot piece of ass said, strutting up to the bed.

"So join in," Amanda suggested.

I thought she was joking around, until her roommate stripped off her shirt and jeans and jumped onto the bed. *Now* I lost my rhythm!

My dick got even harder—though I would have sworn that was impossible—when Amanda pulled off her roommate's bra. A pair of knockers that could literally knock you out rubbed up against Amanda's face. I almost blew my load when the ladies embraced and started making out.

I kept pumping into Amanda as she yanked off her roommate's panties, showcasing a gorgeous mound. Instantly, the hottie lay her pussy in front of Amanda, who licked every crevice and fold. I could tell by Amanda's

technique that this was not her first time sampling chick juice. With a final suck, she had her friend bucking and screaming out her climax.

Amanda looked back at me, her face shiny with pussy juice, and said, "She's ready for you." I pulled out of Amanda's hot hole and entered the other, my dick easily gliding in and out of the roommate's drenched pussy. It was amazing, screwing a hot chick who didn't even tell me her name.

I felt myself nearing eruption with each thrust, but held it together until Amanda joined in. As I drilled her friend, Amanda moved beneath me and captured my balls in her mouth, rotating them with her tongue while I fucked away. The tea-bagging while pumping my dick inside a moist pussy took me to another level. I broke and spewed my hot come so hard I was afraid the condom would break. I pulled out and leaned back on some pillows, trying to catch my breath.

"Oh, Amanda, you haven't gotten off yet," the girl I'd just screwed announced.

"What are you going to do about it?" Amanda asked, inching her body closer to her roommate. I watched in awe as they moved into a sixty-nine. Their bodies rocked while their faces and pussies smashed together in a fuck-frenzy. My dick was rock-hard again, and since the girls were occupied, I stroked my shaft to the sex scene playing out in front of me.

"Fuck yeah, Lily!" Amanda shouted in ecstasy. Just as Amanda came down from her climax, Lily reached hers. They both cried and shook in pleasure, and I erupted on their bellies.—*K.T., Washington*

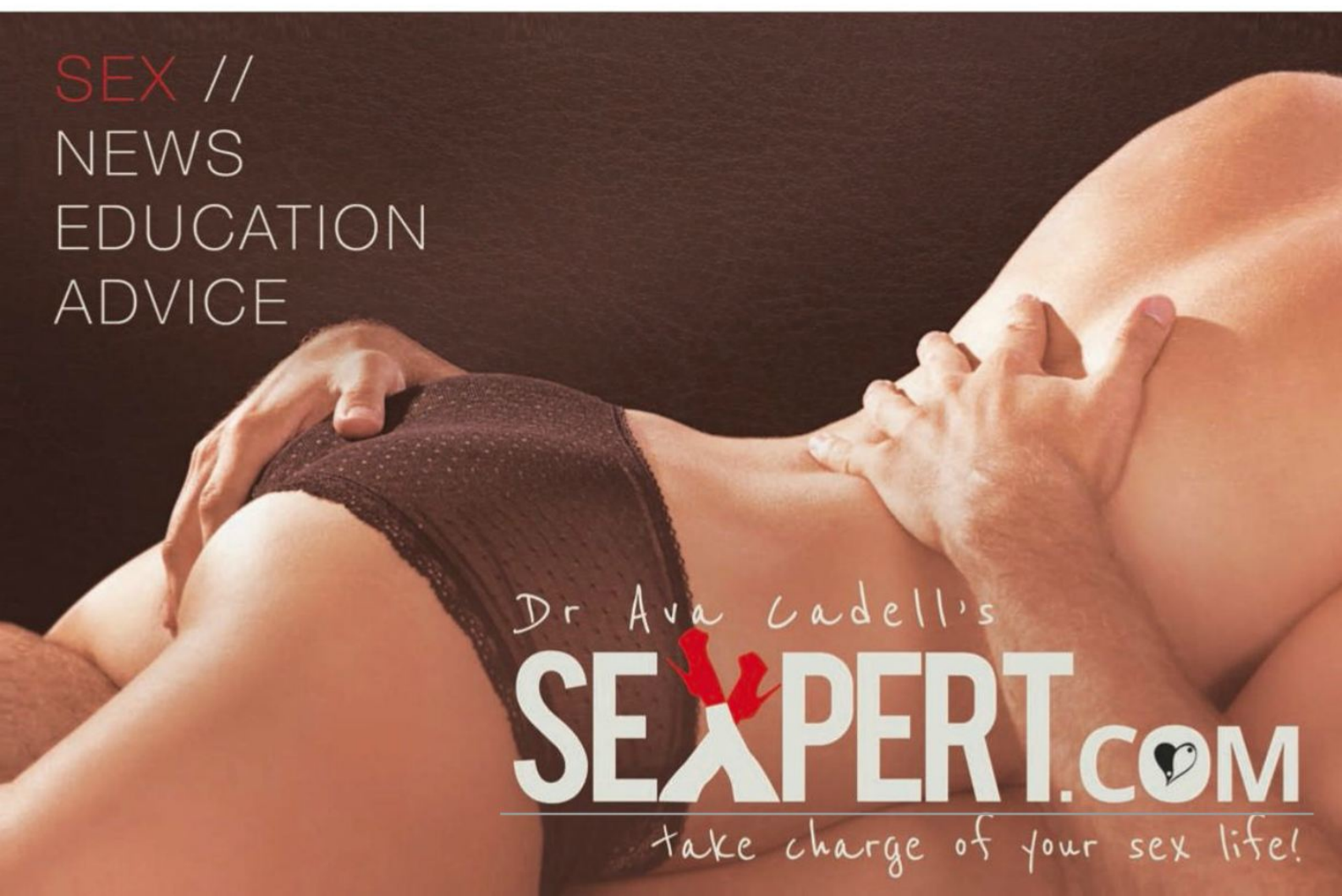
My Cabin in the Woods

I still own the cabin in the woods of Wisconsin that my husband and I bought when we were married, and I pay a couple to look after it. When I need to do repairs, I use the same contractor my husband used. I had a serious crush on Tony, but of course, back then, we were both married. Tony is semiretired now, and his son keeps the family business going.

Last year, I decided to spend several weeks at the cabin. I love it there in the fall, with all the leaves changing colors. I made arrangements with the caretakers and asked them to set up a meeting with Tony so we could discuss any work that needed to be done.

When I arrived, I put my things away and went to sit on the porch with a cold beer, enjoying the beautiful, peaceful evening. About 20 minutes later, a pickup drove up and an older but familiar-looking man stepped out and walked toward me. I realized it was Tony the moment he spoke, and stood to give him a warm hug. We had a wonderful visit, and he offered to take me out for dinner. I talked him into staying to have burgers with me instead. After eating, we retired to the porch swing with a bottle of good wine to listen to the sounds of the animals in the woods. An hour later, we finally went up to my bedroom.

Tony asked if he could have the pleasure of taking my clothes off, so I let him remove my blouse and bra. He caressed my breasts and teased my rapidly swelling nipples, bending




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He stripped himself before peeling off my jeans and panties. He soon had me gushing on his face as I climaxed strongly.

to suckle each one before asking me to lie on the bed so he could take off my pants and panties and eat my pussy. He quickly stripped himself before peeling off my jeans, taking my panties with them, then plastered his face against my gash. He soon had me gushing on his face as I climaxed strongly.

Tony moved up beside me, kissing me passionately and smearing tangy cunt juice all over my face as I reached for his cock. I had a throbbing hard-on in my hand. Tony fucked me for ages, finally going off with a roar, like a bear. He humped me slowly until he'd drained every drop of his load in the folds of my sex, then rolled off to lie by my side.

Tony was gone when I woke up the next morning, but I found a note he'd left on the kitchen table, saying he'd send his son over the next day to take care of things.

Tony's son Brad, who was about ten years younger than I am, came by to replace a broken window in the garage, and he charmed me right out of my pants 30 minutes after meeting me. Talk about hung! He had an honest nine inches of thick cock that never seemed to go flaccid. He came over and banged me every night for the rest of the time I was at the cabin. He made me feel younger and desirable, and actually got jealous when he stopped by one afternoon and found me on the front porch talking to his dad.

I soothed Brad's feelings as soon as Tony left, but the truth was, I had just fucked his dad before he got there. It was hard to leave my young stud after two months of passionate sex, but I knew I'd be back for more in the spring.—*R.B., Minnesota*

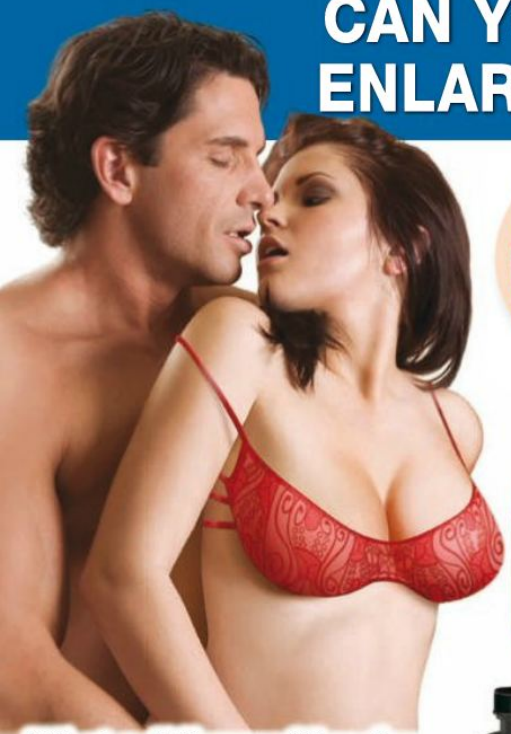
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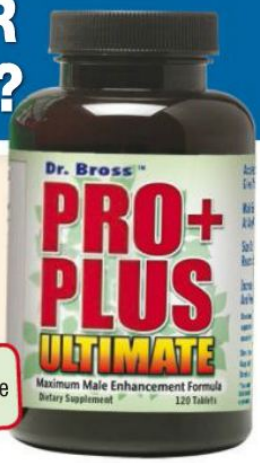
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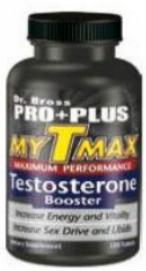
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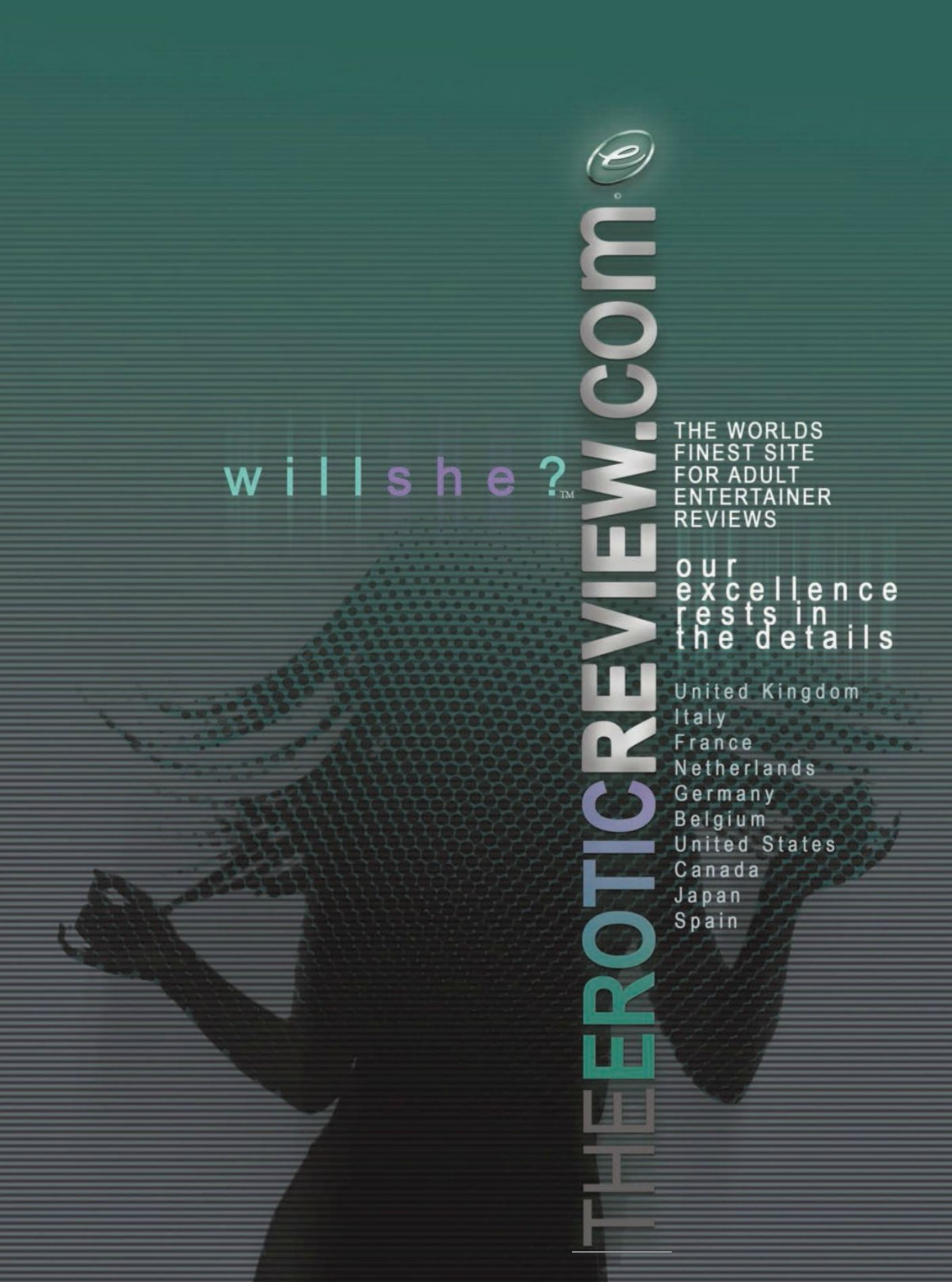




WALK OF FAME

We spend a good part of every June prepping this annual anniversary issue, and at some point the conversation always starts like this: "It's back-to-school time." Then it shifts to schoolgirls/cheerleaders, which leads to college football, then pro football, then the previous season. This year, that thread led to the highlight of the 2015 Super Bowl: the Carl's Jr. commercial starring a nude **Charlotte McKinney** walking through a market, with a series of products hiding the busty blonde's not-safe-for-TV bits. And since we haven't yet officially proclaimed the stupendously bodacious beauty our favorite up-and-comer, we're taking the opportunity to do it now. At press time, the only thing the *Dancing With the Stars* alum has in the works is a role in *Joe Dirt 2,* so let's take a moment to reflect on the magnificence of the internet and its endless supply of gorgeous images.

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